# THE AMOROUS FANTASME; A *Tragi-Comedy.*

By Sir *William Lower* Knight.

*Amico Rosa, Inimico Spina.*

*LONDON:*
Printed for *Fr. Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers* Head over against the *Angel-Inn* on the backside of St. *Clements* without *Temple-Bar*,
1661.

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TRAGI-COMEDY

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BRITISH MUSEUM

F

TO
HER HIGHNESSE
THE
PRINCESSE ROYALL.

MADAM,

IN presuming to dedicate this imperfect Peece to the most accomplish'd Princesse of the Earth, I confesse to shew much more ambition then discretion, more rashnes then solid reason and moderation; but seeing ordinarily that the greatest Persons have the least pride, and the most charity, I cast my selfe wholy upon your clemency, and fly the test of your judgment, which being so exact, would doubly condemne me, first in the designe it selfe, next in the conduct, and consequence of it, as being a composition

weak, and unworthy of so high a Patronage. If it may serve to divert Your Highnesse in some vacant hower when your sublime thoughts are suspended, I have the onely end I aime at, and shall glory in the honour and happines to introduce some thing with the New Yeere, which may give you the least satisfaction: My conclusion is a most humble petition for pardon, and a favourable censure of the bould ambition, which I have to entitle my selfe,

*MADAM,*

*Your Highnesse most humble, most obedient, and most Faithfull Servant*

WILLIAM LOWER.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE
## To the Court.

HA! what divine shapes strike mine eyes, and make
My tongue to faulter, and my limbs to shake,
Through a respectfull awe and reverence,
Which thus so strongly fixeth on my sense?
These are no Fantasmes, such as we present,
But true Divinities from Heaven sent
To grace our Earthly Theaters: then I,
Who cannot stand before such Majesty,
Fall on my knee, and in this posture pray
I may be heard to speak before the Play:
Madam, to you then, from whose beautious sight
Those lesser Starrs derive their borrowed light,
First I addresse me; and although I'm sent
From the proud Poet with a complement
To let you know that he protests and saith
His Scenes will please, I cannot have that faith:
He sweares that he prepares a Peece so rich
In high conceptions, that it will bewitch
Your eyes and eares, a Banket that may please
The Deity Pallats of the Deities:
Unheard of vanity! I cannot thus
But undeceive you, know tis an abuse,
You'll meet with no feast here, since the chief dish
Which he presents, is neither flesh nor fish,
But a meere Fantasme, garnish'd like a coarse,
Larded, and serv'd up with some love discourse,
Unsolid matter flourishes of witt,
And airy fancies, in my judgment fit
But for the publick Stage, not to appeare
Within the verge of this illustrious Sphere,
Where nothing but the quintessence of wit
Should dare to enter: humbly I submit

*To your transcendent judgment my advise,*
*And wish it may be found more rush than wise,*
*For daign t'applaud the Play, and I'm content*
*To suffer for it any punishment,*
*T'Appease the Poets, whose rage will be hot*
*Upon my head, if you protect me not:*
*Auspitious Planets, rule this night, and shed*
*Sweet influences on your board and bed.*

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# ACTORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| CARLOS. | *Lover of Isabella, and Friend to Fabritio.* |
| CLARINA. | *Woman to Isabella.* |
| FABRITIO. | *Lover of Climene.* |
| CLIMENE. | *Mistresse to Fabritio, and to the Duke.* |
| JACINTA. | *Woman to Climene.* |
| FERDINAND. | *Duke of Ferrara.* |
| VALERIO. | *Captaine of the Dukes Guards.* |
| ISABELLA. | *Sister to Fabritio.* |
| ALPHONSO. | *Father to Fabritio and Isabella.* |
| LICASTES. | *Servant to Alphonso.* |
| CELIN. | *Servant to Carlos.* |
| GUARDS. | |

The Scene is at Ferrara.

THE

# THE AMOUROUS FANTASME.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

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## ACTUS PRIMUS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

*Carlos, Clarina, in a ſtreet.*

*Carlos.*

ARt ſure of it, *Clarina*? is it poſſible
That *Iſabella* now is ſenſible
Of what I ſuffer for her, and reſents
In my behalfe the fire which her faire eyes
Have kindled in my heart?

*Clarina.*

Sir, I aſſure you,
Tis an undoubted truth, which I receiv'd
From her owne mouth.

*Carlos.*

I'm much aſtonished

With a succesſe ſo charming.

*Clarina.*

For my parte,
I wonder that you are aſtonish'd at it:
Is it ſo great a miracle, I pray you,
To ſee a Mayd to chaung? we have a mind
Alternatelie to turne love into hatred,
Or hatred into love, ſuch an effect
As this ſo common in our Sex, ſhould not
Seeme ſtrang unto you: *Iſabella.* is
Of age ſufficient to feele the effect
Both of the fire she kindles, and o'th'evill
Which she procures; the end, Sir, of her coldnes
Should not ſurpriſe you: who gives love, can eaſilie
Take it againe; and when a young heart never
Hath loved any thing, at the firſt fire
That ſpatkles, tis inflam'd; my Miſtreſſe is
As ſenſible as faire: you will be happie,
If you are faithfull.

*Carlos.*

But com'ſt thou by her order?

*Clarina.*

To ſpeak truelie,
She willed me to ſpeak as from my ſelfe;
But, Sir, your goodnes is a gage that makes me
To tell you all, tis by her expreſſe order
That I have uttered this ſecret to you
Of ſuch importance; but you muſt be ſilent
And diſcreet, if you'll profit by the knowledge.

*Carlos.*

But may I not at leaſt acquaint her brother
With my good fortune? he is bound by friendship
To favour me, and I ſhould doe him wrong
To diſguiſe any thing to him.

*Clarina.*

Oh! Sir,
That's it my Mistresse, dreadeth, believe me,
Above all things: so farre you must be from
Acquainting him therewith, that you should feare
Least he might have the least suspition of it:
Know you not yet that her inhumane Father,
Will not permit her to give you her hand,
That to uphould the splendour of his house,
He'll rayse his Sonne unto his Daughters cost,
And, (as tis often practis'd now a dayes)
To th'one designes his goods, and to the other
A Monasterie?

*Carlos.*

I know well that her Father
Hath such a purpose, but though he be of
A nature so inhumane, sure, her brother
Is not so barbarous: we are tyed together
By such faire bonds of friendship, that I know
He'll mix his interests with mine.

*Clarina.*

If I
May frelie speak my thoughts here, I must tel you
That interest can break the strongest bonds,
That commonlie men better keep their wealth
Then their fidelitie, and that there is
No friend which they love equall with themselves
Be sure you trust no person now a dayes,
Daunger still followes too much confidence:
The lesse a good is knowne, the sweeter tis:
Lastly Sir, keepe your secretts to your selfe,
My Mistresse doth desire it.

*Carlos.*

Oh! *Clarina*,
It is ynough, there is no reason more

In this point to examine now, but I
Obey without dispute; the name of Friend
Must yeild to that of Lover; but shall I
See our faire Mistresse by thy meanes this evening?

*Clarina.*

Sir, it is verie late.

*Carlos.*

I know thy skill.
And thou know'st ---- *puts gould in her hand.*

*Clarina.*

Yes, your liberalities.
I'le goe t'advertise her, as you desire,
And presentlie returne, if you will stay,
Either to bring you up, or to persuade her
To come downe to you. ---- *Exit Clarina.*

*Carlos alone.*

*Carlos.*

Oh how sweet it is
To mollifie a hard and cruell heart!
How charming is Love, when tis mutuall?
what high content, what extasie of joy
Feels a poore captive in his troubles, when
The hand that tames him, helpes to beare his chaines?
A good gain'd easilie is not esteem'd:
The more it costs, the more tis pretious:
Although th'Horizon's covered with darknes,
I easilie discerne the dore to open;
Doubtles, tis *Isabella*, I'le advaunce.

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Carlos, Fabritio.*

*Carlos.*

My happines is greater then I dar'd

To

To fancie is, I can't expresse unto you,
By what soe'r indeavour I can use,
The fullnss of my passion and my joy.

*Fabritio.*

Deare friend, I doe beseech thee let us leave
Vaine complements, I know thy goodnes for me.

*Carlos.*

Good God! how I'm confounded! tis her brother
*Fabritio.* ---- *a side.*

*Fabritio.*

Thou knowest then, it seemes,
How highlie fortune is propitious to me,
My marsiage is concluded and agreed,
And thou com'st without doubt to wish me joy.

*Carlos.*

Friend -----

*Fabritio.*

I'm certaine, it is this that brings thee hether:
Thou wilt congratulate my happines.

*Carlos.*

How readie, and ingenious he is
To draw me out of trouble! ---- *a side*

*Fabritio.*

Thou comes to take part in my ravishment.

*Carlos.*

Thou should'st doe me a great wrong, to judge otherwise.

*Fabritio.*

Know then that our desires did jump together:
I was a going hastilie unto thee
To tell thee the glad newes, I did believe
Thou knew'st it not, and did not thinke to be
Prevented, I am highlie redevable
To thy rare friendship.

*Carlos.*

I doe nothing for thee
That is considerable, my interest

Alone

Alone bringeth me hither, and thou need'st not
To thanke me for it.

*Fabritio.*

How! what intereſt
Canſt thou have in this place?

*Carlos.*

The ſame which friendship
Enjoyneth me to take in thy contents.
Betweene two faithfull friends, ſuch as we are,
Everie thing should be common, joy and happines
Poſſeſſeth both, when one of them enjoyes it.
Know when I beare a part in thy good fortune,
I more oblige my ſelfe then thee, and am
So well paid for my care and tendernes,
That there needs no addition of thanks.

*Fabritio.*

Know alſo of my part when Fortune doth
Conferre her favours on me, they are dubled
When *Carlos* shares therein, and would diminish
If he should not partake them; but who comes
So late forth of our houſe?

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Clarina, Fabritio, Carlos.*

*Clarina addreſſing her ſelfe to* Fabritio *thinking to ſpeake to* Carlos.

*Clarina.*

SIr, enter quicklie;
My Miſtreſſe *Iſabella* in her chamber
Expecteth you and will. .....

*Fabritio.*

How, what will she?

*Clari-*

*Clarina.*

Misfortune! tis *Fabritio*, I must
Dissemble. .... *a side.*

*Fabritio.*

Well, what will she, finish now.

*Clarina.*

Sir, she would speak with you,
T'expresse the joy whereto her love engageth her
On the conclusion of your marriage.

*Fabritio.*

I know her tendernes, and what I owe her;
*Carlos* and I will see her presentlie
To give her a good night.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Climene, Iacinta, Carlos, Fabritio.*

Climene *comming out of her house.*

*Climene.*

IT is *Fabritios* voice this which I heare,
I cannot come forth in a fitter time.

*Carlos.*

I willinglie waite on you, your desires
Are mine, you need not doubt them.. *to Fabritio.*

*Fabritio.*

Let us enter.

*Carlos.*

How this successe favoureth my flame! .. *a side*
Fabritio *stopped by* Climeme.

*Fabritio.*

But who doth stop me? Heaven! it is a Woman,
It seemes she Would speak with me *Carlos* stay.

*Carlos.*

I waite you heere.

Fabri-

*Fabritio.*

How comes it she withdrawes
When I advaunce?

*Carlos.*

Without doubt she hath something
To speak to you in private.

*Fabritio.*

In the hope
Wherein I am that I am he you seek,
Be not offended that I dare t'approach:
I've courage and civilitie ynough
T'esteeme me fortunare if I could serve you:
T'engage me, Madame, to the offer which
I make to use my utmost cares and paines
T'accomplish your desires, it is sufficient
That Heaven hath given you the advantage to be
Of that faire Sex unto which all owe homadge:
If I may notwithstanding without giving you
The least offence be honoured to knowe
Your name, you will encrease my Zeale in giving
So faire a satisfaction. (me

*Climene*

Take it then,
My deare *Fabritio*, and know *Climene.*

*Fabritio.*

*Climene*, my faire Mistresse, what occasion
Could bring thee heere at such an hower as this?
Thou doubleſt my feare and perturbation;
The more thy voice assureth me; the more
Vncertaine am I: and so farre am I
From comming forth of errour, that I enter
Into new Labyrinths, and doubts, I was
More happie when I knew thee lesse; oh what
Designe hast thou, I cannot comprehend it?

## CLIMENE.

*Climene.*

Leave me to speake, then, I will tell it thee.
I will not say what joy and happie rapture
Seised me when I understood the newes,
That by a joynt accord our friends and parents
At last had yeilded to our marriage;
My love, which thou shouldst not forget, exempts me
To discourse this unto thee, and enjoynes me
To a relation much more important,
And much lesse pleasing,

*Fabritio.*

How! what thing is there
In nature that can trouble our repose,
Since as our hearts, our parents are agreed?

*Climene.*

Tis of a longer date then from to day
That Love useth to mingle with his sweets
Much bitternes, those whom he flattereth
At first, are seldome happie, his deceit
Is equall to his blindnes, and like Fortune,
H'is constant onelie in inconstancie:
This is a truth, which thou shalt but to sensibly
Conceive: one day which was the fatalleft
Of all my life, wherein my father burthened
With age and sicknes had the sorrie honour
To be by the *Duke* of *Ferrara* visitted:
This Prince knew me in this extremity,
And thought to see some charmes upon my pale
And blubbered face, myne eyes unluckily
Wept unto his, and from the sources of
My teares his flame took birth,

*Fabritio.*

Oh *Climene*,
I feare .....

*Clime-*

*Climent.*

That feare offends me; my heart wholie
Was thine, I gave it thee, and the *Dukes* passion
Stir'd up in me nothing but my aversion:
Though I conceal'd this fire, thou hast no cause
To complaine at it. for before twas knowne,
I hop'd to quench it, and I scarce should yet
Reveile it to thee, if thy interest
Oblig'd me not to speak: on the report
Which was spread of our marriage, the passion
Of the *Duke* was converted into rage;
He came unto me in his first transport,
Sware to me solemnelie that my choice was
The sentence of thy death, that Love opposing
My punishment, he thought to doe more in
Destroying what I lov'd; and to the end
He might with the more rigour punish me,
He would even to the bottome of thy heart
Goe for to seek me: Lastly knowing well
That his desire is to assault my life
In threatening thine, conducted here by love,
And more by feare, I come to conjure thee
T'avoid his furie; fly hence, what soever
Care for me keeps thee back heere, and to save
My life, preserve thine.

*Fabritio.*

This discourse is cruel
As much as it appeareth sweet: should you
Advice me to absent me from your person?
Sure I should little know what tis to love,
T'obey you in this point: Come, come, say all,
Confesse your love is chang'd, that my remaines
Of hope must vanish, and that the Dukes flame
Hath dazled you, I see well that mine heere
Is troublesom, that you abandon Love
To follow Fortune, and that poore Fabritio
With all his fetters pleaseth your faire eyes

Lesse

Lesse then a crowned Captive; I condemne not
This signall rigour; you deprive me of
A happines whereof I was not worthy.
And in receaving of a Scepter offered
Vnto your beauties, you obtaine much lesse
Then you deserve. Raigne, nothing is dishonourable,
To gaine a diademne; and as I love you
More then my selfe, I shall esteem my death
A faire designe, if entering into
A tombe, I leave, you in a throne.

*Climene.*

*Fabritio*,
Canst thou love me, and speak thus? reallie
Thou detract'st from my glorie in this thought
That I can be unfaithfull, bannish it,
It is thy enemie and mine, suspition
Betwen us two should be a hideous monster;
Canst thou be ignorant with any justice,
That I love lesse a scepter then Fabritio,
And find more joy in being captive with thee
To raigne over thy heart, then ore the universe?

*Fabritio.*

It is ynough, Climene, my devout
And amourous soule, which ever must adore thee
Although thou should'st abuse it, would believe thee:
And though a lye carries a swarthy face,
In issuing from thy mouth it would have charmes;
But how comes it to passe that when thy sweetnes
For my sake flyes a crowne, thou dost ordaine me
To depart, and to leave thee? how to leave thee.
And in a Rivalls power to! no, this remedie
Is worse then the disease. Suffer my presence,
Or suffer my despaire, what matter is it

Whe-

Whether the *Duke*, or absence kill *Fabritio*

*Climene.*

When two inevitable dangers meet
To invade us at once, tis wisedome still
To think of the most pressing, here thy ruine
Is certaine, being absent, thou canst live;
Consider this, that to what puuishment
Soer our love exposeth thee, thou canst not
Suffer but I must suffer too, nor dye,
But I must cease to live, for know absuredlie
My dayes shall finish with thy destiny;
When we are dead, the grave shall be a wittnes
Of our reunion? where I see thee not
No object pleaseth me; if thou art yet
Incredulous of words and protestations,
At least believe my teares.

*Fabritio.*

Oh open not
Those pretious sluces, keep that treasure in;
Encrease not my affliction with thy griefe:
Not all the blood which runneth in my veines
Is worth the least drop of these liquid pearles,
The evills wherewith my life is thretened
Are too well payed with a single teare.

*Climene.*

Oh leave those vaine discourses, and depart.

*Fabritio.*

Well, well, *Climene*, I must then obey.

*Climene.*

I have as much cause heere to be afflicted,
As satisfied, I feare more thy departure
Then wish it, and I give my faith unto thee,
That thou shouldst not depart, if I could keep thee
And expose but my selfe. Let's separate;
But what! this fatall image robbeth me
Already of my strength, spare me, I pray thee,
In parting hence the danger heere to dye

In

In bidding thee adiew. ..... *Exit Climene.*

*Fabritio.*

*Climene* flyes me;
O lamentable destinie!

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Carlos, Frabitio.*

*Carlos.*

FRiend, comfort thee.

*Fabritio.*

I am inconsolable,
And must die, *Carlos*, since I must absent me.

*Carlos.*

Thou shalt be happier, if thou wilt heare me,
I have a meanes that thou shalt not depart,
And yet, in safetie too, shalt see *Climene*,
Alone, and without trouble.

*Fabritio.*

To abuse
Thy friend, is but an odd way, in my judgment,
T'assist him, tis to aggravate my evill,
And not to heale it: Is there any art
To render me invisible?

*Carlos.*

For once then
Believe that I will doe for thee a thing
Which seemes impossible, give me leave to speak
And in a moment thou shalt lose thy griefe,
And thy astonishment: Thou knowest well
That *Italie* hath for a certaine time
Bene troubled with two factions, whose partakers
In everie citie name themselves a loud
The *Guelps* and *Gibelins*: on this occasion

My

My Father and *Climenes* 'gainſt each other
Took an immortall hatred; through their credit
And their condition, each made himſelfe
Head of a faction; the *Duke* receiving
Advertiſement thereof, and apprehending.
The iſſue of this enmity, ſo ſtronglie
Conceived, made them both to be arreſted,
Not without reaſon, and confined them
As priſoners, each one to his owne houſe.
My Father who ſaw his pretenſion vaine,
Knowing his houſe was neere unto the others,
Had recourſe unto cunning, and believed
That everie thing was lawfull to deſtroy
The greateſt of his enemies; to work then
His ruine, and in private too, he caus'd
A cloſe Mine to be digg'd even underneath
His adverſaries garden; being finish'd,
My Father fell ſick, and ſoone after dyed;
I was, as thou knowſt by the right of birth
Heire of his goods, and not of his revenge;
But though I ſhould now have a hatred for
*Climene*, I ſhould ſacrifice it wholie
Vnto thy love; in opening this Mine,
Thou may'ſt, without being ſeen, have eaſie acceſſe
Vnto thy Miſtreſſe, and to execute it
Securelie, we will make all men believe
That thou art gone.

*Frabitio.*

How infinitlie am I
Indebted to thee? how ſhall I acquit me?

*Carlos.*

My friendſhip is offended verie much
At theſe expreſſions of acknowledgments.
I'le to the *Duke* expreſſlie t'underſtand
What his intentions are concerning thee.
Enter into my houſe, ..... *Exit Carlos.*

I'le

*Fabritio.*

I'le goe t'impart
This secret to *Climene*. But what heare I?

## SCENA SEXTA.

*The Duke, Valerio, Fabritio. Iacinta, Guards.*

*Duke.*

Doe that which I commaunded.

*Valerio knocks, at the dore of Climenes house.*

*Fabritio.*

Tis the Duke.
Rage overcomes my reason.

*Duke.*

What averseness
Soe'r *Climene* hath unto my flame
Some little hope yet flattereth my soule,
I've gain'd her woman; who hath promised
This night to bring me privatelie into
Her chamber, the dore openeth, *Iacinta!*

Iacinta *comming from* Climene.

*Iacinta*

Yes every thing succeedeth to your wish,
My Mistresse is deceiv'd and takes you for
*Fabritio*, she commanded me to open
Without delay, her order doth excuse me
In letting you to enter, lose no time;
But I heare her descend, speake not a word,
Without doubt, she'll mistake her selfe.

*Duke.*

We will
Be cleer'd therein, let us approach a little.

SCE-

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*The Duke, Climene, Fabritio, Iacinta, Valerio, Guards.*

*Climene addressing her selfe to the* Duke *and thinking to speake to* Fabritio.

*Climene.*

WHat would'st thou, my deare Lover?

*Fabritio.*

a, deare Lover!
Heavens! what is this I heare!

*Climene.*

I have cause, reallie,
To complaine of thee, could'st thou not one night
At my request refraine my companie?
Yet I excuse thee upon this presumption
That who loves well is little Master of
Himselfe, and can't deny but my charm'd soule
Complaines heere but of being too much lov'd.

*Fabritio.*

May I believe this? Heaven! am I enchanted?

*Climene.*

Thou need'st not doubt this truth; when I would be
Angry against thee, suddenlie I check
My selfe, and when my mouth accuseth thee,
My soule defends thee.

*Duke.*

Fortunate *Fabritio* .... *a side*

*Fabritio.*

O happie Rivall! .... *a side.*

*Climene.*

Thou dost know my love.

*Fabri-*

FABRITIO.

I knew it ill. ----- *aside*

CLIMENE.

What! answeareſt thou nothing?
Doubts thou my flame, or fearſt thou that another
More pleaſing object drives thee from my ſoul?
What ever happens, reſt thy ſelfe aſſur'd
That my loue and my life ſhall have one courſe,
And that it is impoſſible for me
No more to love thee.

DUKE.

How unhappie am I? ----- *aside.*

FABRITIO.

How miſerable am I? ----- *aside,*

CLIMENE.

What obligeth thee
To murmur ſtill thus to thy ſelfe? muſt I
Confirme my love unto thee by ſome oathes?
If my flame for thee make not all my glorie,
If thou alone poſſeſſeſt not my heart,
And all my thoughts, let -----

FABRITIO.

Sweare not ingrate full and perfidious Woman,
It needeth' not, I doe believe thy words.

DUKE.

Thy death ſhall ſoone follow thy inſolence:
My Guards.

*Fabritio flying.*

FABRITIO.

It is in vaine to make reſiſtance.

*Valerio and the Guards goe after Fabritio.*

DUKE.

Purſue, and kill him.

IACINTA.

Alas! I'm dead with feare.

CLIMENE,

I faint, I faint, *Iacinta*, hould me up.

*Duke.*

Let him dye, tis but just, too great a merit
Is often a great crime, in ruining
This Rivall, I may gaine what *I* desire;
And if he perish not, my hope must perish:
Let's see if the successe answereth my wish.

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*Valerio, The Duke, Iacinta, Guards.*

*Valerio.*

OH, Sir, tis done, he's dead, in vaine he did
Indeavour to defend himselfe, he fell
Peirc'd with a thousand mortall stroaks, his soul
Found overtures ynough to sallie forth
His bloody body, covered o'r with wounds

*Iacinta.*

Oh! stay Sir. .....

*Comming forth of Climenes house.*

*Duke.*

Thy cares are superfluous.
I am reveng'd, *Iacinta*, and *Fabritio*
Is dead.

*Iacinta.*

Oh if you love *Climene*, enter not
Into the house, she's scarce recovered yet
Of a great faintnes which seis'd on her spirits.

*Duke.*

The blood which I have shed, will cost her teares,
I will not goe, to add unto her griefes,
But retire me, a while, in the meane time,
*Valerio*, let it be your charge to goe
Vnto *Fabritios* Father, to acquaint him
With his sonnes death, and further let him know
That for his rash and sawcy insolence,
He hath receav'd but a just recompense.

*The End of the first Act.*

ACTVS

# ACTVS SECVNDVS

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Isabella, Clarina, In a Chamber.*

*Isabella.*

WHo enters there?

*Clarina.*

Madame, it is *Valerio*,
Who from the Duke Discourseth with your Father

*Isabella.*

What pressing businesse might bring him here?

*Clarina.*

To tell you, I should be a Propheteſſe.

*Isabella.*

A message at this hower's not ordinarie.

*Clarina.*

It doth appeare as strang to me, as you.

*Isabella.*

Let us expect the issue on't, and change
Discourse.

*Clarina.*

You faine would have me speak of *Carlos*;
Madame, confeſſe it.

*Isabella.*

I cannot deny
But I am pleased, when I heare him prais'd.

*Clarina.*

I should not be in my right sense if I
Should speake ill of him, he is a brave man,
And of a Liberall and obliging nature,
He merits much.

*Isabella.*

But in what manner did he enrertaine
Th'intelligence thou gav'st him that my humour

Towards him was inclined to more ſweetnes,
And what my heart at laſt diſpoſ'd it ſelfe.
To love him?

CLARINA.

With tranſports, and extaſies,
Which cannot be expreſſ'd.

ISABELLA.

Haſt thou bene careful
To tell him cunninglie, according to
Thoſe rules I gave thee, that to doe him ſervice
Thou didſt betray thy Miſtreſſe, and gav'ſt him
That notice without my conſent?

CLARINA.

Yes, Madame
I tould him ſo, and verie handſomlie;
But your ſtrang love ſurpriſeth me, you feare
that he ſho uld know it, and yet tell it him:
If he leſſe knew it, would you be more pleaſ'd?
What humourous fancies are in Lovers ſpirits?

ISABELLA.

Though I love *Carlos*, (be it reaſon, or
Fancie that guides me) I believe I doe
My ſelfe wrong, when I doe juſtice to him;
The bashfulnes which Heaven hath put into
Our Sex, for bids us to be free in what
Concernes the point of love, nor muſt we think
any thing lawfull in relation to't:
And by that power, which I know not my ſelfe,
I cannot without blushing ſay, I love:
It ſeemeth that our eyes made to tame hearts,
When thoſe that were our captives doe become
Our conquerours, although they finde the dart
Lovely and charming that ſubjected us,
Cannot without ſome ſhame, behould this change
The art to deſpiſe love, my heart no longer
Can practiſe, but o Heaven! whom ſee I Carlos?
So late here in my chamber.

SCENA

## SCENA SECUNDA.

CARLOS, ISABELLA, CLARINA.

CARLOS.

PArdon me
This bold intrusion, seeing the dore open,
I could not but lay hould of the occasion;
And following my love, I thought I might
With out offending you with disrespect
Enter, to cast my selfe at your faire feet.

ISABELLA.

How fancie you that I can be so little
Respectfull of my honour, as to suffer
A visit from you without being offended?
No, Sir, your hope deceives you, and this libertie
You take, denoteth in you little love,
Or too much Vanitie: can I believe
You love me well, in giving to your selfe
A licence thus to make foule-mouth'd detraction
Inveigh against me, or can you imagine,
Without great follie in your selfe, that I
Can approve this designe so little modest,
And not b'offended at it?

CARLOS.

Though I can
Produce some reason here for my defence,
I hould me criminall, since I offend you,
And should but little profit to persist
In the opinion of my innocence
When your faire mouth condemnes me,

ISABELLA.

I condemne you.

Tis very true, and for your punishment
I banish you; you must goe forth.

*Carlos.*

I dare not
Appeale upon your sentence, but retire;
I obey with regreet, but without murmur.

*Isabella.*

How Sir, begone so soone, what motives pray you,
Induce you thereunto?

*Carlos.*

Since you ordaine it
I must depart, tis fitt that I obey you.

*Isabella.*

I should think, Carlos, that you obey here
Some what too quickly for a perfect Lover:
Believing that you lov'd me, I appear'd
Too proud, and scornefull: t'is an assur'd maxime,
That one loves coldly what he quitteth easily;
Love is but ill expressed by respects;
Who readilie obeyes, knowes not to love

*Carlos.*

I am astonished at this discourse;
Can you Complaine, [illegible]ou, *Isabella*,
When I obey you gain[illegible]iment
When my love glitte[illegible] submission,
And when by a kinde [illegible]ch is not common,
My happines displeas[illegible] when it
Offendeth you? what [illegible] you then have said,
If seeking onelie my o[illegible]tisfaction,
I had preferred my desires and wishes
Before yours? in what manner can I please you,
If in obeying you, I anger you?

*Isabella.*

You argue too well for a man in love.
Where love is strong, reason is impotent;
The one can't be establish'd, whilst the other

Sub-

Subsists; sometimes a mayd would be resisted,
And obstinatelie lov'd gainst her consent;
And as her close desires are verie seldome
Expressd, she often speaketh with intent
To meet a contradiction, and to be
Enforced unto that which she desires
According to this maxime, possibly,
I have on this occasion discours'd
Conrrarie to my sentiment, and perhaps,
I should be so farre from believing me
Injur'd thereby, that you would have oblig'd me,
In not obeying me.

*Carles.*

I'm rap'd in pleasant wonder, if those words
Astonish me, they charme me more; if I
Must stay to please you, nothing is more easie,
Then to content you fully in that point:
Seeing obedience is not pleasing to you;
I will stay, Madame, and will not obey.

*Isabella.*

It is too late; begone, my mind is chang'd;
Occasion is lost assoone as' passd;
You would have too much pride, and I should have
Too little, if after such a confession
I should detaine you here.

*Carles.*

This order is
Severe and rigourous.

*Isabella.*

But it is just:
I love not alwaies to be disobey'd.
Follow *Clarina*, goe, and have a care
You be not seen. O Heaven! I heare my Father.

*Clarina.*

Alas! we are undone; perhaps, he doubted

Of your intelligence, enter forthwith
Into this closet.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Alphonso, Clarina, Isabella.*

ALPHONSO.

Oh Daughter, daughter!

ISABELLA,

He appeareth furious. ---- *a side.*
I read my sad misfortune in his eyes.

ALPHONSO

Can I live after such high injuries?

ISABELLA.

What is the Matter, Sir?

ALPHONSO.

How! demandest thou?
Dost thou not plainelie see in the excesse
Of my quick griefes, that I am burthered with
The greatest of misfortunes?

ISABELLA.

What misfortune.
Oh! Father?

ALPHONSO.

*Isabella, Isabella,*
I must no more be called by that name.

ISABELLA.

I feign'd in vaine, tis best to confesse all.

ALPHONSO.

O fatall chang, Heaven, who could'er have
thought it?

ISABELLA.

Sir, I beseech you, heare me

ALPHONSO.

What would'st thou

That

That I should heare, I know now but to well
What that love costeth me which taketh pleasure
In blood and teares, and hideth deadlie poisons,
When it shewes flowers.

*Isabella.*

I confesse ----

*Alphonso.*

Oh how often.
Our expectations are deceiv'd, in'wishing
Children; we wish troubles, and punishments.
*Isab.* If his death
*Alph.* Yes, his death is certaine,

*Isabella.*

Suffer
That by my teares ----

*Alphonso.*

Thou sheddest them in vaine.

*Isabella.*

Father, revenge is easie.

*Alphonso.*

But alas?
What should I enterprise against the Duke?

*Isabella.*

The Duke? What say you?

*Alphonso.*

Art thou ignorant,
That my sonne by his order receiv'd death?

*Isabella.*

I know it not; oh miserable destinie?

*Alphonso.*

*Valerio* from him brought me the sad newes,
And would enforce me to agree with him,
That he in killing him did not unjustly: -

*Isabella.*

Whas crueltie is this? wast not ynough,
Through an unjust and barbarous constraint,
To forbid you a just revenge, but even
To complaine of the injurie?

*Alphonso.*

True, Daughrer;
To punish yet my sonne after his death,
They will I understand it, and not murmur:
It seemes they have a minde, that I should goe
To kisse the hand that murthets me, as being
Stained, and smoaking yet writh my sonnes blood.

*Isabella.*

But Sir, consider in this sad conjuncture,
That my deare Brothers body doth expect
Interment.

*Alphonso.*

Yes, I have tooke care for that,
By order from me it is to be brought
To this apartement.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Licastes, Alphonso, Isabella. Clarma.*

*Licastes.*

THe death, Sir, of your sonne is but to certaine
W'ave brought his body into the next chāber.
Some little distance from this place we found it
Stript, and so much disfigured with wounds,
That we should not have judg'd it to be his,
If seeking carefully we had not found
His coate not farre of, and a little further
His hatt: The thing which troubleth me most
In this misfortune is, that having made
A fruitles search all over for the rest

Of

Of his habillements, I could not finde
Any one of them, and can not imagine
Who should have tane them thence.

*Alphonso.*

Vnhappie Sonne
Of an unfortunate Father!

*Licastes.*

Sir, you may
From hence see this sad object, if you please
To cause that curtaine to be drawn aside. *aside*

*Alphonso.*

Draw it. *Licastes*, let me see my sorrows
We would be private, everie one retire.

*The curtaine is drawne, and he sees upon a bed a murthered body.*

I cannot in this Lamentable object
Discerne one feature of my Sonne, and scarce
Will my confusion give me leave to know
Him whom I have begotten, lying thus
In such a mangled condition.
Sonne, if it may be lawfull in the sad
Estate wherein our miseries have put us
For me to use that name sometime so sweet,
I must then say unto thee, that this spectacle
Makes me to feel thy wounds more sensibly
Then thou thy selfe didst when thou didst receive them:
Thy miserable destinie and mine
Differs not much, the blood which thou shedst is
The purest in my veines, the arme whose rigour
Hasted thy death, gave not the fatall stroak
Through thy heart, but it entered in my bowells:
And if we differ any thing in such
A miserable fortune, tis in this,
That I still feel the pressing evills, which thou
Sufferest no more. Sources of my afflictions,

Deepe wounds, which appeare now but bloody mouths,
Whose silent accents seeme here to soliffit
My arme to a reveng, know that a subject
Houlds not his Soveraignes fate betwene his hãds:
In vaine ye aske reveng' gainst such a blood;
Alas here I can offer you no other,
But what my heart makes to flow from mine eyes.

*Isabella.*

The cruëltie o'th' Duke, Sir, should be punish'd.

*Alphonso.*

He is my Prince, although in my concernement
A tyrant, subjects destinies depend
Vpon their Soveraignes, a crime becomes
Iust in their hands; and if at any time
Those earthlie Gods ought to be punished',
It must be by a thunder bolt from Heaven:
In this case I should make but vaine attempts.
If the Duke dye, shall my Sonne live againe?
But what chance brings *Clarina* here in such
Distracted haste?

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Clarina, Alphonso, Isabella.*

*Clarina.*

Oh Signeur, oh Madame! ....

*Alphonso.*

VVhat ayles thee, art thou mad?

*Clarina.*

Oh, I have seene ....

*Alphonso.*

what hast thou seene that troubleth thee so much?

*Clarina.*

I have seene, I have seene ....

Cla-

*Alphonſo.*

VVhat haſt thou ſeene?
Speake, I conjure thee.

*Clarina.*

Since then I muſt ſpeake it,
I've ſeene a dead man walke.

*Alphonſo.*

Th' aſt loſt thy reaſon.

*Clarina.*

Nothing's more true, that fearefull Fantaſme followes
My ſteps, I heare him, he purſues me; ſave me.

*Iſabella.*

It is my Brother ----

*Alphonſo.*

Straung! it is my Sonne.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Alphonſo, Fabritio, Iſabella.*

*Alphonſo.*

Sonne, is my ſoule ſure, or am I deceiv'd,
Is this but an illuſion which I ſee
But a vaine object formed by my fancy?
If ſo, finish my life heere with my errour?
Mayſt thou yet be i'th' number of the living?
*Fabritio*, iſt thy body that I ſee
Or iſt thy ſhadow? comeſt thou to fill me
With joy, or with affright? come ſatisfie me,
Let me embrace thee.

*Fabritio.*

I ſee the light, Sir, and I finde here charmes,
Since you eſteeme my life at ſuch a rate
As to lament it loſt; not but as injur'd
By love and fortune, they ſhould not doe to me
A favour to deprive me of the light;

But

But though they should oblige me very much,
In the condition wherein my soule
Is now, to quench my feirce flame with my blood,
And though my blood thus shed would make my fortune,
More sweet, I would conserve it, since tis yours.

*Alphonso.*

How comes it that thou hast so strong a hatred
For life? thou canst not doubt Climenes love;
The passion of the Duke alarumes thee
Too much; if thou lou'st much, thou art no lesse
Belou'd.

*Fabritio.*

A faire appearance oftentimes
Beareth false wittnes, I assur'd my selfe
Too much of her fidelitie, and though
I could doubt the report my senses made me,
I have too sure a testimonie of her
Perfidiousnes, since her owne mouth confirm'd it;
She entertain'd in amourous discourse
My happie Rivall with so passionate
An air, that I forgate both my respect
Vnto the *Duke*, and the care of my life,
In uttering my despight; the *Duke* possess'd
Strongly with love and hate, gave expresse order
Vnto his Guards to kill me; but I knowing
That my defence then was unprofitable,
Vnder a dark porch sought my sanctuarie,
Whilst an unfortunate stranger walking that way
They took to apprehend me in the darke,
Was suddenlie environ'd with the Guards,
And peirced through with halbards. assoone as
Those murtherers were gone, to draw my life
Out of such hazards, and to make this errour
More probable, I took the bloodie cloaths
Of that deplorable body, and was readie

To

To leave it mine, having cast his into
The current of the river, when a noyse
Of voices crossing my designe, I was
Constrain'd to leave that body naked and
Without life, to come speedilie to you,
And to advertise you of this event.

*Alphonso.*

I feare the issue of this blest successe;
Know that the Duke boasts of thy death alreadie;
He thinkes it just, which maketh me to judge
That thy preserved life is still in danger;
If thou desirest to obey thy Father,
Stay not a minute here, but seek thy safety
In sudden absence.

*Fabritio.*

But What! must I leave
*Climene?*

*Alphonso.*

She hath left thee, her example
Shewes thee the way to infidelitie;
If to betray a person that doth love us
Be a base act, to love one that betrayes us,
Is no lesse weaknes.

*Fabritio.*

I am still a Lover,
Though an abused Lover, and she hath.
More beautie then injustice, her crime puts
No fearful object in her eyes and countenance,
Although she cease to love, she ceaseth not
To be belov'd, and my heart charm'd by her,
Deceives it selfe, if it thinks to be able
To hate her, though she hath betrayed it.

*Alphonso.*

I finde that absence is the onelie remedie
For this disease, tis fit thy passion yeild
To my desires; fly through obedience,

Or

Or through resentment. oh assure thy safety
By thy remove, tis that which I desire.

*Fabritio.*

And which I feare.

*Alphonso.*

That matters not.

*Fabritio.*

But Sir ------

*Alphonso.*

But I command it thee: for feare to be
Perceiv'd, goe forth without attendance and
Without noyse unto Carlos house, and there
Passe the rest of the night; to morrow earlie
Before the day break, take the way to *Florence*,
VVhere I have many Frieds that will defend thee.
In the meane time I'le send thee by a friend
A horse and money for thy journey; haste.

*Fabritio.*

My Sister.

*Alphonso.*

Add not to my miserie
By sad regretts: be gone, be gone; adiew;
Let me embrace thee, I deprive my selfe
Of my most deare support, but though I lose thee,
Tis with intent to save thee. --- *Exit Fabritio.*

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

### ALPHONSO, ISABELLA.

*Isabella.*

By what crueltie
Banish you my deare *Brother*?

*Alphonso.*

*Isabella*,

Thou

Thou speakest like a Sister, and I act
As Father, it is farre more pleasing to me
To have an absent Sonne, then none at all:
I will deceive the Duke by taking of
His unjust pursuit gainst his life, when he
Shall fully understand his death: I will
To morrow that my house be all in mourning,
That this corps be interred for my Sonne;
And to the end that all *Ferrara* be
Deceived with the Duke, I'le honour it
With funerall pompe, this is a debt we owe
Vnto a blood, whose losse hath conserv'd ours,
Although we had no further use of it.
Lastly....

## SCENA OCTAVO.

*Fabritio, Alphonso, Isabella.*

*Fabritio.*

SIr....

*Alphonso.*

What is it that troubles thee?

*Fabritio.*

I met the Duke, Sir, at our dore, he follow'd
A torch, which might, perhaps, discover me,
I heare noise, he pursues me, oh receive him,

*Alphonso.*

O duty too unjust! cruel constraint!
Goe quicklie with thy Sister *Isabella*
Into that closet.

*Isabella.*

He goes to Carlos house, what shall I doe?

*Fabritio.*

Come along with me, what should hinder you?
feare

*Isabella.*

I feare you should be seene, and there fore would
That the light might be put out in this place.

*Fabritio.*

I contradict not, let us enter then.

## SCENA NONA.

### Carlos *comming out of the closet.*

*Carlos.*

They are both entered, I must quickly forth;
Fortune no longer seemeth to be contrarie
To my designes; the way is free; but what!
I heare the Fathers voice: oh how unhappie
Am I?

## SCENA DECIMA.

### *The Duke, Valerio, Alphonso, Carlos, Guards.*

*Duke.*

*Alphonso*, I am not deceiv'd,
Your sonne is Living, I have seene him: having
Vnderstood, that *Climene* in a soowne
Fainted, being carefull of so faire a life,
And guided by my love, I went unto
Her house, where happilie I saw your sonne:
I know that she adores him, and dare say
That her disease wil Vanish, if he Lives:
Lastly I wish it, and am come of purpose
To be informed cleerelie of this truth.

*Alphonso shewing the Duke the body which is upon the bed.*

*Alphonso.*

SIr, you may easilie be cleerd herin;
Behould my sonne, judge if his losse be certaine:
You

You fear'd him living, doe not feare him dead.
See, his congealed blood smoaks at your presence?

*Duke.*

It is too much. I'm fullie satisfied
That he is dead; but what did *Carlos* heere
Without light?

*Carlos.*

To secure my Friend, I must
Feign hand somlie ..... *aside.*

*Duke.*

He seemes to be astonish'd.

*Carlos.*

Sir, tis not without cause that I am so.
For comming here to understand the newes
of my deare Friend *Fabritios* destinie,
Assoone as I entered that open chamber,
His Ghost appear'd before me in a posture
So dreadfull, that I tremble to thinke on't:
He had the figure of a fearefull *Fantasme*,
His bosom was opened with a large wound,
His colour pale, and all his body bloodie.
He came towards me with a staggering pace,
And darted forth a look though languishing
Yet feirce; a bleak, and black blood issued
Out of his mouth, and in his eyes grim death
Walked the round.

*Duke.*

I also saw just now
*Fabritios* shape, but much lesse horrible,
Me thought he was alive.

*Carlos.*

I dare engage
My credit, that your Highnesse saw his shadow
Aswell as I.

*Duke.*

*Duke.*

Tis that which doth confound me.
I ſtill held for a fable what the vulgar
Report, of vaine ghoſtes, and could not imagine
That a ſpirit once departed from a body,
Should leave the dead to come among the living.
Ceaſe to be ſimple, and be viſible,
Having no more a body. Notwithſtanding
This ſucceſſe ſtartles me. I could not think it,
And now I cannot doubt it. Bnt adiew,
I ſee your griefe encreaſeth by my preſence.

*Alphonſo.*

Sir, I waite on you.

*Duke.*

I know what is a Farher, and that nature
VVill not allow him to pay homadges
To him that robbs him of a Sonne.... *Exit Duke.*

*Alphonſo.*

How highly ....
Am I indebted to you for this favour? - *To Carlos*

*Carlos.*

It is not great; twere requiſite *Fabritio*
Should inſtantlie betake him to my houſe,
From whence he may unſeene make his eſcape.
I'le goe unto the Duke now, to confirme him
Yet ſtronger in his errour. .... *Exit Carlos.*

## SCENA UNDECIMA.

*Alfonſo, Fabritio, Iſabella.*

*Alphonſo.*

GOe, and chuſe
*Florence* to morrow for retraite.

*Fabri-*

*Fabritio.*

Sir ----

*Alphonſo.*

Let me
Receive no more replyes, doe what I bid thee,
All my deſires ſhould be ſtrong lawes to thee,
Adiew, let me give thee the laſt embrace.

*Iſabella.*

Sir, notwithſtanding all your care, I feare
My brother can't ſubmit himſelfe unto
This ſevere order; by his laſt diſcourſe
I comprehended too well that he loves
*Climene* ſtill after all her contempts,
And that his blinded ſoule is ſtill reſolv'd
To loſe all, rather then to loſe her ſight.

*Alphonſo.*

I will be ſatisfied heerin, and know
The meanes to doe it, faile not thou to morrow
Towards the evening to goe to Climene:
The evill, that hath ſurpriſed her, invites thee
Vnto this Duty; for my part, I wil
Make Carlos a viſſit at that time:
If my ſonne ſtayes, I doubt not but to finde him
In one or tother houſe; but it is late,
Adiew, in humane Fortune give unto thee
As much reſt, as I have unquietnes,
And trouble at my heart. ---- *Exit Alphonſo.*

*Iſabella.*

Las! mine doth bleed
with double griefe, though the firſt wound be hid.

*The End of the Second Act.*

---

ACTVS

# ACTVS TERTIVS,

## SCENA PRIMA.

*The Duke, Iacinta, in Climenes Garden.*

*Iacinta.*

THis is the Garden, Sir, where presently
My mistresse comes to walke her melancholie:
The griefe she taketh for her Lovers losse,
And her decayed health distracts her judgment;
Although the danger of her maladie
Be great, she walkes, and would even fly herselfe.
Be you assur'd her griefes will suddenlie
Conduct her here to weep her sad misfortunes,
And you may see her without witnesses,
And without trouble, if your Highnes please
To fetch a turne or two in this close Alley.

*Duke.*

Thy care augments my trouble, not my hope;
I burne, and feare to see her equallie:
I burne to see her when I represent
Vnto my amourous soule a charming Image
With all its beauties, and I feare to see her,
When my sad fancie represents unto me
The rigour of those faire offended eyes:
Tis an undoubted truth, I feare to see
That faire afflicted one to reproach me
The evills wherin my flame hath plunged her,
To say that hatred is the onelie fruite
Of my addresses, and that with my Rivall
My spirit is destroy'd.

*Iacinta.*

Your Highnesse, Sir
Should be prepar'd against the bloody taunts

Of

Of a beblubbered Mistresse: to speak truelie,
And not to flatter you, I cannot see
The least hope that she will be wrought to love you
By this sweet way you take; I should advise you
Vnto another course, make use of force,
Where kindnes cannot work; ravish a good,
Which is denyed to you; take her hence,
Who is so foolish and so rigourous,
And force her to be happie gainst her will.

*Duke.*

How, take her hence by force? oh no, I cannot
Consent unto it, force can never be
Compatible with love, I would be lov'd
Without constraint, and cherish'd with out feare.
So farre would her disdaine be by this meanes
From ceasing, that it would take deeper roote,
As having juster ground to propagate.

*Iacinta.*

Your reasons are not altogeither lawfull;
Our Sex, Sir, hath strang maximes, oftentimes
It feeles not what it doth expresse, and seldome
Loveth *Deaths* fatall wracks, after a fortune
Of such a nature, love in womans *heart*
Turnes unto griefe, and *that* griefe vanisheth:
Her oaths and cries are of no consequence,
Her passion dies, when th' object is no more.
Perhaps, *Climene* at *this* verie *hower*,
Feeles that ambition from loves ashes springs
Within *her* heart, and *that* she is prepar'd,
In spight of *her* just mourning to proferre
The glorious possessour of a throne
Before the sad inhabitant of a tomb.
And, possibly, wearied with *her* affliction,
She would be forced to embrace your love.

*Duke.*

To take *her* hence, and force *her* unto marriage,

Are the laſt meanes which I will try; before
I uſe towards her the leaſt violence,
I'le ſee her.

*Iacinta.*

Sir, ſhe comes there.

*Duke.*

How ſhe ſtudies,
And how her ſlow uncertaine paces ſpeak
The violent troubles of her ſpirit, her palenes
Depaints her griefe.

*Climene.*

Leave me alone, and paſſe
Into that alley.

## SCENA SECVNDA,

*Climéné, Iacinta, The Duke.*

*Iacinta.*

Madame, ....

*Climene.*

Once againe
I ſay I will be private for a minute;
Retire, and leave me to my ſelfe.

*Iacinta.*

But if
The Duke. ....

*Climene.*

Be gone, and ſpeak no more of him,
His name is odious to me.

*Duke.*

How unfortunate
Am I?

*Iacinta.*

I tould you, ſweetnes would doe nothing
Vpon that ſtubborne ſpirit.

*Duke.*

*Duke.*

I will follow
Thy counsell, let us speedilie goe forth,
My presence would encrease her crueltie.

*Iacinta.*

For feare you should be seene, be pleas'd to stay
Till she goes in; till when I cannot band sonelie
Draw you from hence; in the meane time your Highnes
May in those shadie walkes divert your sadnes.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Climene alone.*

Stanzas.

*THou which they say canst with facilitie*
*Act what includes impossibilitie,*
*Blind Guide, false Child which canst have no pretence*
*At all unto the state of innocence,*
*Tyrant of hearts which hast boasted still*
*That Death submitts unto thy power and will.*
*Make her to know that she invades thy right*
*In robbing my* Fabritio *of the light*
*And cause him to returne againe, or give*
*Me passeport the Shades where he doth live.*
*The sweetest objects that now strike mine eyes,*
*Encrease the number of my miseries.*
*The Swane tells me* Fabritio's *but a shade,*
*The Lillies at his losse look black and fade,*
*Those Rose, Queen of the flowers, seemes to be*
*Stain'd with my Lovers blood, and weepes with me.*
*Deare Lover, thou sad object of my cries,*
*Whose image still dwells in my heart and eyes,*
*Reproach me not that I live yet to mourne,*
*After thy ashes sleep in their cold urne,*
*Death without doubt ere now had joyned me*
*To thy sad shadow, if I could agree*

*That thou shouldst dye within my heart, oh no*
*I cannot leave th'y adored Image goe.*
*Thy cruell Rivall when he murthered thee*
*In his conceit, mistook, and murthered me:*
*His furie was deceiv'd, not satisfied,*
*In cutting of thy dayes*, Climene *dyed,*
*The* Duke *betrayd his vowes, for I expire*
*In thy cold ashes, Thou liv'st in my fire.*

*Climene.*

What's that I say, Thou liveſt in my fire,
Thy living Image is carv'd in my ſoule;
But thoſe immortall characters, alas!
Which flatter me, are dead *Fabrities*.
Vnjuſt and rigourous fate, was't reaſonable,
That death ſhould ſeaſe him ſo neere marriage?
But why diſpute I in ſuch great miſfortunes?
I'le ſuffer my ſad ſighes, forbid my teares,
And to enuenome my affliction,
I'le ceaſe complaint, nourish my ſorrow, and
By prudent cares for feare to weaken it,
I'le ſtrengthen it within, Ile ſignalize
My griefes by ſilence better then by ſpeech.
When one hath loſt all who complaines, receaves
A kinde of comfort, therefore I'le for beare;
Yes, my deare Lover, to deplore thy death
In ſtronger termes then plaints and exclamations
But what! I heare a fearfull noyſe beneath me?

*a noiſe under the Stage.*

It ſeemeth that to joyne me to *Fabritio*
A ſudden thunder doth prepare it ſelfe
To come forth from the center of the earth:
The noyſe redoubleth, and renued ſtroaks
Makes me believe that underneath my feet
They dig graves, I perceive the flowers to fall
The plants to be unrooted, the moſt ſetled
And firmeſt oakes to tremble; it is time

To

To fly hence, but I cannot, feare forbids me;
Heaven: the disorder growes, and the earth cleaves
*Fabritio* comes forth thence, my streagh failes here,
And I am almost dead with feare and weaknes.

## *SCENA QVARTA.*

### FABRITIO CLIMENE.

Fabritio *comming out the Mine.*

*Fabritio.*

THanks unto *Carlos*, and in spight of destinie,
I hope to see *Climene* in this garden
But to conceale the meanes on'e I must cover
Most carefullie the opening of the Mine:
Those stones, and those greene boughs will make the hole
Invisible, I need but seek the ingratefull,
Before I vent my anger; I'le reproach her
With my past services, with her inconstancie,
And her false oaths; for feare my death should give her,
Some satisfaction, and to th'end t'afflict her,
I will appeare unto her, and protest
That I will live yet to abhorre her; yonder
I see that faire inconstant; but alas!
I see her pale, cold, and in dying posture;
At this sad object which confoundeth me.
A tender pittie doth succeed my passion;
And if this pittie caus'd by her misfortune,
Is not yet love, tis something, sure, that's neere it,
*Climene* thou faire object of the flame
which riseth up againe, when almost dead,
Cast yet a languishing look upon *Fabritio*;
For all thy anger and inconstancie.
I never sought any reveng gainst thee;
Returne, and if thou wilt not that I live,
At least with one sweet look honour my death:
I heare some comming, I must hide my selfe.

If I should goe into the Mine againe,
There's danger I might be surpris'd.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*The Duke, Climene.*

*Duke.*

I have heard stroaks which troubled me much
The noise came from this side, let us advaunce
I see *Climene*, who sleepes; but alas,
Vnparalel'd misfortune! she is dead,
And underneath a thick vaile, her faire eyes
Are shut up never to be opened:
Tyrannick destinie, by what law is it
That such a rare and exquisite beautie hath
So tragicall a fate, and that the Star
Of my nativitie, which hath produc'd
My fires, findes in its morne eternall night?
But I am in an errour; Master peece
Of all perfection, fate is innocent,
And I alone am guiltie, tis this arme,
This barbarous arme that hath tane hence my Mistresse
In murthering my Rivall.

*Climene.*

Oh, alas!

*Duke.*

She breathes, she breaths, and openeth her eyes
Love, be propitious to me.

*Climene*

Is it thee,
My deare *Fabritio*, Fantasme of my soule,
Sweet Shadow of my Lover? what wilt thou?

*Duke.*

Her griefe distracts her judgment.

*Climene.*

Commest thou to reproach me suddenlie,
That thou hadst lived, if thou had'st not seene me,
And that the fire sometime so faire, which kindled

Our hearts with mutuall love, serv'd but to light
To descend to the grave? (thee

*Duke.*

You are mistaken,
Adoreable *Climene.*

*Climene.*

Tell me then
The cause that brings thee. Com'st thou to solliſit
My heart and arme a while yet to deferre
My death, unto the end to revenge thine?
Wil thou that this hād plung'd in the *Dukes* blood
Make my destruction just, and thine reveng'd
Speak, speak; he shall not long be in condition
To triumph in thy death, in the midst of
His Court, and in the eyes of all *Ferrara*,
I'le peirce the bosom of that barbarous Prince.

*Duke.*

My heart feares but the streaks of your faire eyes,
Know me, and recollect your wandering senses
The exceſſe of your sorrow wrongs you much.

*Climene.*

Whom doe I see?

*Duke.*

A Prince that loveth you.

*Climene.*

What fatall accident, what cruell destinie
Presenteth me, In stead of my Lover,
His murtherer, Sir, you must pardon me
This langvage, as a person highly injur'd:
I can no mor respect you: is it possible,
You are not fullie satisfied yet
In barbarouslie depriving me of him,
I lov'd more then my selfe, but you must come
To robb me of his Shadow?

*Duke.*

This vaine shadow
You speake of, is but an illusion

Form'd by your feare and your affliction;
And when I've dissipated from your fancie
This fatall image, you will finde that I
Have more advauntaged, then injur'd you.
For dead *Fabritio*, please you to remember,
That twas your interest made me punish him;
The insolent discoutse which he held forth,
Carried me justlie to that violence:
If I had spar'd him, I had injur'd you,
And if I had done lesse, I had lesse lou'd.

*Climene.*

By this accompt then I'm indebted to you
For giving me the greatest of misfortunes,
In killing even before mine eyes the object
Which I adore, without whom the faire light
Is odious to me; you are much deceav'd
In your pretentions, you have gained nothing
In ruining a Rivall, and the art
Which you use to asperse his reputation,
Can't hinder him to live with in my soule:
Though this death which I feel livelie with in me
Had not expressd so much hate and contempt
As you shew love and tendernes, I should
Have loved him so much as I hate you.

*Duke.*

I condemne not your just transports, but beare them,
He was your Lover, though he was my Rivall;
And I repent my rage in that I wrong'd
Your charming Image, printed in his soule:
I know that Rivall, which was odious to me,
Pleased your faire eyes more then I, his merit
Was that which onelie rendered him guiltie;
I hated him for being too amiable;
But in that hate, I fully did expresse
My love to you in offering you a heart,

And

And with that heart a crowne. But I offend you,
Your looks speak your disdaine. not to provoke you,
I leave you, and hope yet, that you will one day
Have lesse aversion for me.

*Climene.*

Time can never
Cure my disease, death onelie is its terme.

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Iacinta, Fabritio, Climene.*

*Fabritio.*

I will approach, I see the Duke retire,
My trouble is past'd; and *Climene* lives;
But, heaven: who cometh here againe to crosse me,

*Iacinta* to *Climene.*

*Iacinta.*

The Funerall is comming.

*Climene.*

What, *Fabritio's?*

*Fabritio.*

It is *Iacinta*, I need not for her
Keep a loofe of. ----- *aside.*

*Iacinta.*

Yes Madame, you may see
The coffin which encloseth your dead Lover
From your Balcony at this very instant:
His Father, who intends to celebrate
His mourning, honoureth *Fabritios* death
With funerall pompe, and whilst they carrie him
Vnto the Temple, you may, if you please,
See that unfortunate body passe.

*Climene.*

I will so,
It is my last desire,

Fabritio, *discovering himselfe.*

*Fabritio.*

Enjoy it, Madame,
Behould heere the unfortunate *Fabritio.*

*Iacinta*

Heaven! where shall I fly safely from this Fantasme.
I dare not stay. ------ Iacinta *flyes away.*

*Climene.*

What! will *Iacinta* leave me?

*Iacinta.*

I have no other Mistresse now but feare.

Fabritin *houlding* Climene.

*Fabritio.*

False and ingratefull Beautie, doe you fly me?
This makes your lightnes. To appeare too much:
If any justice yet raignes in your soule,
After you have betray'd me, give me leave
To complaine my misfortune.

*Climene.*

I betray you?
What doe I heare. Heavens! how astonish'd am I
At this so strang event? if I may heere
Believe mine eyes, it is the living portrait
Of my *Fabritio*, but if I believe
His voice, it is but a deceitfull Fantasme
Of such a faitfull Lover:

*Fabritio.*

I am that verie Lover, who against
Your will could not, in losing all his hope,
Lose his life too; yes, I live yet, Ingratefull,
And feare I live for you still in despight
Of my just anger, I know not what power
Opposeth it. in steed of murmurring,
I sigh, and all the heat that rests with me
Resembles anger lesse then love,

*Cli.*

*Climene.*

Now I
Begin againe to know *Fabritio*;
His heart in ſpight of him doth ſecretlie
Render me juſtice; and when the falſe mouth
Condemnes me, it ſeemes reſolute in thought
That I am faithfull.

*Fabritio.*

Faithfull? oh it is
Vnto the *Duke* that this ſpeech is addreſſ'd
He onelie is to hope for all your love.

*Climene.*

Canſt thou impute thoſe baſe thoughts unto me?

*Fabritio.*

They are truths, if I may believe your oathes;
I ſhould doubt yet of this extreem misfortune,
If I had underſtood it from the mouth
Of any other but your ſelfe.

*Climene.*

An evill
When it is knowne, is eaſie to be cur'd;
I know thy errour, ceaſe to be abuſ'd;
If the laſt fatall evening I expreſſ'd
Kind words unto the Duke, I did believe
That I diſcourſ'd to thee, and ſo upon
That faith all that I ſaid to him, was wholie
Intended unto thee; thy onelie Image,
Which can poſſeſſe my heart, my memorie,
And all my ſenſes with ſo much renowne,
Was onelie guiltie in that fatall moment,
If but a little blindnes may be ſaid
To be a crime in Love.

*Fabritio.*

Vnto a Lover,
Whoſe ſoule reſignes it ſelfe unto ſuſpitions,
Any excuſe is good ynough, and paſſeth,

A lye that pleaſeth deceives pleaſantlie,
And everie thing is eaſilie believ'd,
Which is deſir'd; though all thy reaſons were
As falſe as faire, ſo ſweet it would be to me
To ſee my feares to end, and in my fancie
To flatter the affliction which thou
Might'ſt cauſe me, that thou wouldſt oblige me
ſtronglie
To yeild to be abus'd.

*Climent.*

Let thy heart be
Free from thoſe Low ſuſpitions; if thou wilt
Abſent thee, I am readie heere to follow thee;
I'le maneſeſt unto thee everie where
The clecrenes of my faith, be it to live,
Or dye with thee, let Heaven bleſſe, or deceive
Our expectations, I'le live ſatisfied,
Or dye content.

*Fabritio.*

What owe I .....

*Climent.*

Thou ow'ſt nothing;
Nothing of thanks, in following thy deſires,
I follow my owne ſentiments; but how
Wer't thou ſecur'd?

*Fabritio.*

Fortune did favour me,
A ſtraunger paſſing that night perished
Inſtead of me, and this Mine gives me meanes
From *Carlos* houſe to enter into thine.

*Climent.*

Thou mayſt a while heere entertaine thy thoughts
In the meane I'le goe to fetch my Iewells:
Paſſe underneath this arbor, I believe
I heare a noyſe; aſſoone as it is night,
I'le come to thee againe.

SCE-

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Iacinta, Fabritio.*

*Fabritio.*

IF I am not deceiv'd, heere comes *Iacinta*,
*Climene* trusts her with her neerest secrets:
Fortune, it seemes, to day in everie point
Will be sweet to me, if I can oblige her
To goe away with us.

*Iacinta.*

Scarce freed yet
From my first feare, I tremblinglie returne
Vnto *Climenes* house: *Fabritio*
Was murthered through my meanes, and without doubt
He cometh to revenge himselfe upon me
From th' other world: my ruine were inevitable
If I should meet that fearefull Ghost againe.

*Fabritio.*

Stay. .....

*Iacinta.*

Tis the Spirit, good God, I dye with feare!
Oh Genrle *Fantasme*, have compassion of me;
I doe confesse my fault, and promise faithfullie
N'er to betray you, nor my Mistresse more.

*Fabritio.*

Strang! but I must know more. Disguise me nothing,
If thou dost .....

*Iacinta.*

Touch me not then, I beseech you,
And I will tell you all: tis true, I alwaies
Indeavoured to hurt you, that I studyed
To serve the Duke in his amours against you,
And that indead I was cause of your death.

*Fabritio.*

Pernstious spirit. ----

*Iacinta*

Enter not into furie,
This is not all yet; lend your eare, I pray you;
I had forgot to tell you that the Duke.
By my advise this day hath fix'd upon
*Climenes* rape, and that this verie evening
He will attempt this unjust enterprise,

*Fabritio.*

Horrid perfidiousnes!

*Iacinta.*

I have tould all my faults, now may it please you
That I leave you in peace: for know that nothing
Is so unpleasant to me as discourse
With people of another World. If you
Were not dead, you would be so good unto me,
To grant me pardon upon my repentance.

*Fabritio.*

It would not suite well with a generous spirit
To punish a weake woman. Goe. ----

*Iacinta.*

Monsieur Fantasme,
God will receive your soule. ---- *Exit Iacinta.*

*Fabritio.*

The Duke this night
Intends, it seemes, to take away *Climene*,
Heaven, must my hope be yet againe destroy'd?
But my heart leaves it selfe to be assaulted
With a vaine feare, seeing I am belov'd,
What should I doubt; nothing is strong enough
To disunite two hearts which love hath joyn'd,
This God doth miracles for those that be
His faithfull Votaries, and such are we.

*The End of the third Act.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS.

### SCENA PRIMA.

*Fabritio, alone.*

BEhould the bower, wherein I hope to see
The Beautie which my soule loves and adores;
The Sunne alreadie having run his course,
Darteth no more heere but a feeble light:
With his last rayes he now adornes the West
He setts with glorie, shines when he is lost
And the fair remnants of his dying brightnes
Maketh his fall and losse illustrious,
Pardon, thou glorious Star, whose splendour hurts me,
If my hope comes, when thy light vanisheth:
Ingenious Love, to hurt me more, assembles
That masse of lustre which so charmeth me
In faire Climenes eyes, and presentlie
Her looks will give me brightnes which surpasseth
That which thou takest from me: But she slayes,
Heaven, she neglects me, she appeareth not:
The Moone is well advaunc'd; and all my hope
Dyes with the day; this long delay denotes
A fault of love: I heare one walk, and if
My eyes are faithfull witnesses, I see
This miracle of Faire ones come at last.

### SCENA SECUNDA.

*Climene, Fabritio.*

*Climene.*

FAbritio .....

*Fabritio.*

Heere, faire subject of my flame.
Here's he, who is as faithfull as he's happie.

Cli-

*Climene.*

I did not think to have bene so long absent.
I feare that I have put thee to some trouble.

*Fabritio.*

Believe, indead, that to Fabritio
The least remove of thy faire eyes is grievous,
I did expect thee sooner, and to speak
The truth resolved to complaine unto thee,
Vpon this point; but to forget it quite,
It is sufficient that I see thee now;
I have no power to complaine before thee,
The present pleasure flattering my thought,
Takes wholie from me the remembrance
Of my past trouble.

*Climene.*

Since love forceth thee
Not to accuse me, the same passion
Obligeth me too to excuse my selfe.
It was not the care of theese Diamonds
Wherewith I'm loaden, which caused my stay,
It onelie was the care to take a time
Proper for our departure.

*Fabritio.*

Let's referre
The prosecution of this discourse
Vnto another time, and think we now
To finish our designes, and t'haste our flight;
I feare the stroaks yet of injurious chaunce,
She should be trusted least, when she smiles most.

*Climene*

Let's haste, I willinglie consent unto it,
I feare least that torch should discover thee,
Oh hide thee!

*Fabritio.*

I will dye rather then hide me;
An outrage is intended to thy person.
I must prevent it, being advertised

That

That the Dukes readie by a barbarous order
To carrie thee away by violence.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*The Duke, Valerio, Climene, Fabritio, Guards.*

*Valerio.*

SHe must be heere

*Duke.*

I'le draw a side a little,
But so, that I'le heare all: Goe, speake from me.

*Fabritio.*

What suffer thee to be tane hence by force,
And in my presence?

*Climene.*

No, if any violence
Be offered, step forth unto my ayd,
In the meane time hide thee, and make me not
To feare for any but my selfe; Valerio,
What seek you heere at such an hower as this?

*Valerio.*

I could not wish to meet a better object
Then your faire selfe, a coach neere hand attends you,
I must conduct you there, having for it
An expresse order.

*Climene*

How? from whom have you
This order?

*Valerio.*

Madame, from the Duke my Master,
Whom everie one is bound here to acknowledge
For Soveraigne.

*Climene.*

Let him be n'er so Soveraigne,
Yet he must know that the free soule of *Climene*

Is

Is not within his power; my heart depends
Vpon another, and say what he will,
That is no lawfull subject to his Empire.

*Valerio.*

Madam, I'm sorrie ---- but I must obey.

*Climene.*

What' thinketh he to make himselfe belov'd.
As one makes himselfe hated? Losing libertie?
Believeth he that I should be so simple
To take so many marks of hatred for
Effects of love? what from his enmitie
Might I not feare, if when he loveth me,
He seeks to persecute me?

*Valerio.*

I am forc'd
As much as you are, but it is in vaine
For you to give your selfe o'r to complaints,
Follow me quicklie where I goe. ----

*Duke.*

Stay, stay;
Her beautie will not suffer any outrage
To be done to her person, in my presence,
Or rather I have too much passion
To suffer that she should be injured.
Tis true that troubled, much, and desperate
At your contempt I was prepar'd to take you
Away by force, I did expect the issue,
And will confesse, Madame, that in my soule
Love vanquished respect; but presentlie
At your first words love vanquish'd at its turne,
Yeilded unto respect: cease, cease to feare,
Thou charming wonder of the heare of that love,
Soomewhat too violent: should your heart be
Hard as a rock, I onelie would imploy
Respect to touch it, there's more passion in me
Then hate in you: in all the places where

I reigne, you shall be Souveraigne, and I shall
Esteeme me happie, not to give you lawes,
But to take them of you.

*Climene.*

I should give thanks
Vnto the *Duke* for such a declaration
If I could flatter heere *Fabritios* enemie.

*Duke.*

Although his losse hath reason to oblige me,
Since it afflicts you, it afflicteth me;
But there runnes a repore upon this point
which terrifies me, tis that to your eyes
His *Fantasme* doth appeare.

*Climene.*

There's nothing false
In this report, *Fabritio* since his death
Appear'd before mine eyes.

*Duke.*

To dissipate
Obnoxious feares which might cause evill visions
Within your fancie, some of my attendance
Shall presentlie have order not to leave you,

*Climene.*

Oh! Sir, this is not it which I demaund.

*Duke.*

Tis the least duty I must render you:
Suffer them for to guard you.

*Climene.*

Sir, it needs not.

*Duke.*

Your quietnes concernes me, and I must
Take care of it.

*Climene.*

So farre you would be from obliging me
By this designe, that you would hurt me rather;
Of this care therefore I dispense your Highnes.

Duke.

*Duke.*

To condescend to your desires heerein,
Were to betray you, the sad vision
Of a dead person doth encrease yonr griefes.
Permit ----

*Climene.*

No, Sir, command them not to follow;
The vision doth please me, and I feare
To be deprived of its companie.

*Duke.*

This Spirit will alwaies distract your reason,
As long as you stay in the house alone.

*Climene.*

If but to chaung house will give yon content,
I'le satisfie you, *Carles* is my neighbour,
I will retire to him.

*Duke.*

If you fix there,
I contradict it not, his mother is
A verie prudent Woman, and her counsells
Will be a great helpe to your timourous spirits.
Permit me to conduct you to her house.

*Climene.*

This prayer is a command, Sir.
I cannot
Refuse to follow, him especiallie
Seeing *Fabritio* likewyse hath designe } *Softly.*
To goe there.

*Fabritio.*

What discourse i'th' name of wonder
Might she have all this while there; but good God!
The Duke drawes her away, I'le succour her.

*Duke.*

This *Fantasme's* nothing elce but the effect
Of a sad thought, the senses are all hurt,
when the soule's troubled.

*Fabri-*

*Fabritio.*

I'le put out the light.

*Duke.*

Lastly I' promise you that there's no *Fantasme*,
Nor ever was; but what is that I see?
O prodegie! o Heaven! how am I troubled?

*Fabritio.*

It is *Fabritio*, who is come to take
*Climene* from you.

*Climene.*

O *Fabritio*,
Vnto what danger comes thou to expose thee?

..... *aside.*

*Fabritio.*

*Climene*, save thy selfe, or leave me perish.

*Climene.*

My life's in danger, when thou hazardest
Thy selfe. I doe withdraw now, follow me.

*Duke.*

Advance, Guards, I'le be cleered in this point,
Leave me not, I comand yee.

*Fabritio.*

She is gone,
I'le follow her.

*Valerio.*

Sir doubt not on't, it is
*Fabritio's* shadow.

*Duke.*

No matter, I'le be satisfied therein.

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Carlos, Valerio, the Duke, attendance.*

Carlos *comming out of the Mine.*

*Carlos.*

I'le goe to ayd my friend, this noyse doth make me
To judge that his life runnes some danger here.

*Vale-*

*Valerio.*

It is impossible to take a *Fantasme*;
Yet he is taken, and it is a sensible,
And solid body.

*Duke.*

Traitor, and the greatest
Of all my enemies.

*Carlos.*

Oh Sir! what fault
Hath *Carlos* committed? never had you
A subject yet more faithfull.

*Duke.*

What is that?
Tis *Carlos*, strange! this is a new surprise:
Heere all my arguments are vaine. Come you,
*Carlos*, to take *Climene* from my hands?

*Carlos.*

I, Sir? by no meanes; the noise which I heard
Drew me unto this place to know the cause on't.

*Duke.*

Who came into this garden then to stop me?

*Carlos.*

It was *Fabritios* shadow, can you doubt on't?
We can give you a certaine testimonie
Thereof, as knowing well his voice and visage.

*Duke.*

I observ'd them my selfe verie distinctlie.

*Carlos.*

Assure yee, Sir, it was *Fabritios* shadow.

*Duke.*

I m strangelie troubled at this prodegie;
*Climene* was perswaded by my reasons
To quit this house, and I was bringing her
Vnto thyne, when that spirit came and parted us.
So that we have lost each other in the darke.

*Car-*

*Carlos.*

This succesſe, Sir, ſtrikes me with terrour too.

*Duke.*

*Carlos*, we muſt finde out this charming Beautie,
And for her ſafetie bring her home to thee:
Seek thou of that ſide, the reſt follow me.

*Carlos.*

Oh heaven! we are undone, the plotts diſcover'd;
If the *Duke* finde *Fabritio*, his ruine
Is certaine, but if in ſpight of the night
I'm not abus'd, I ſee a woman comming
Towards me.

## SCENA QUINTA.

*Carlos, Climene.*

*Climene.*

*Fabritio*, is it thee?

*Carlos.*

No.

*Climene.*

Oh, my griefe!

*Carlos*

Although it be not he, at leaſt it is
His ſecond ſelfe, tis *Carlos*. -----

*Climene.*

Oh! deare Sir,
How miſerable am I?

*Carlos.*

I know, Madame,
All your misfortune, having underſtood it.
From the *Dukes* mouth, who verie much in paſſiõ,
Seeketh you with no ordinarie care.

*Climene.*

*Fabritio's* heere about, if he ſhould be
Vnfortunatelie found, it were impoſſible
To ſave him afterward; Sir, if you love him,

Divert

Divert his daunger, overtake the Duke;
To draw him hence, tell him that I am readie
To come forth of this fatall place, and that
I've promised to stay here till you come,
To goe with you unto your house.

*Carlos.*

I fly;
In the meane time, find, if you can your Lover,
And tell him what hath happened, above all
faile not to be here presentlie, your selfe.

*Climene.*

Fortune; I feare is not propitious
Ynough unto me, to permit me now
To finde *Fabritio*, with too much heat
Her anger doth pursue me, to consent
That I shall have this happines, notwithstanding
I heare a noise, perhaps Love favorable
To my chast flames, guideth my Lover here:
But what, they are two women; they have seene
me,
Or I am much deceiv'd, I must begone
To seek *Fabritio*, and to shun their presence.

*Exit Climene.*

## SCÈNA SEXTA

### *Iacinta, Isabella.*

*Iacinta.*

IT is my Mistresse, Madame, approach bouldly,
And give me leave to goe immediatelie
Into the house, my conduct, and my cares
Are here superfluous.

*Isabella.*

Stay, she goes away,
And I see her no more, come, let us follow.

*Iacinta*

*Iacinta.*

Good God! if I should meet the spirit againe
Which I so dread?

*Isabella.*

Thou knowest all these turnings,
And thou canst guide me; Goe before.

*Iacinta.*

Who, I? defend me, God, from such a rudenes,
I know my duty well, though a grosse Girle,
Madame, you are to goe first, I'm to waite you
Oh if the spirit should come to punish me
For my late treason! ---- *softly*

*Isabella.*

But thou tremblest.

*Iacinta.*

Alas! there's reason for it.

*Isabella.*

Stay here then,
I'le follow her without thee, ho, *Climens!*

*Iacinta.*

She leaveth me alone, oh, I am lost!
Madame, where runne you?

*Isabella.*

Doe not stay my stepps.

*Iacinta.*

Should you be n'er so angry, by your favour,
You shall not follow her.

*Isabella.*

Thy importunitie
Is really, extreme, why dost thou stop me?

*Iacinta.*

Because I love you, you would be in danger,
Should you goe on, your safetie's deare unto me,
And I'le take care on't.

*Isabella.*

Leave me.

*Iacinta*

*Iacinta.*

No, I must not:
I'le tell you a strang thing a fearefull Spirite
Haunteth those places,

*Isabella*

Ist a waggish Spirit?
Hobgoblin, or a Robin. Good sollow?

*Iacinta.*

No, he's not pleasant, rather on the contrarie,
It is an evill, and a mischievous spirit.

*Isabella.*

Who tould it thee?

*Iacinta.*

Mine eyes, which did not lye.
And I sweare to you that I've twenty times
Seen it in severall figures, sometimes like
A man, and somerimes like a ravenors beast,
And still at everie bear mischievouslie
Readie to break my neck.

*Isabella.*

Climene then
Is not in safetie here.

*Iacinta.*

I know not that;
But I believe there is a league betweene them
They agree verie well; But see the spirit
In forme now of a Giant; Heaven protect me.

SCE-

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Fabritio, Iacinta, Isabella.*

*Fabritio.*

IT is *Iacinta*, and *Climene* is
Without doubt with her.

*Iacinta.*

It approacheth to us,
Oh let us fly, tis death to meete with it.

*Isabella.*

It stopps at me, o Heaven, what feare have I?

*Fabritio.*

Climene, stay, and heare me. I'm Fabritio.

*Isabella.*

It is my brother, strang surprise! I wil
Speak soft and conterfeit my voice to finde
What his designe is, ---- aside.

*Fabritio.*

The injurious Duke,
Frō whom my cares would take thee, see keth thee
Without doubt at this instant, let us lose
No time to shun his violence, but haste we
To Carlos house: besides, I feare my sister,
For she at home this evening said unto me,
That she would come to visit thee: if she
Should see me, presentlie my Father, who
Thinks me alreadie farre of from this place,
Will understand the contrarie. This is not
To detract from my Sister, she is good,
And verie innocent, but her fault is
She cannot hould her peace.

*Isabella.*

Continue, Brother,
I'm much oblig'd unto you, pray, proceed.

*Fabritio.*

Misfortune! tis my Sister *Isabella.*

*Isabella.*

Pursue, good Brother.

*Fabritio.*

Las! I've said too much,
Excuse the feares and weaknes of a Lover!
If thy heart felt such seisures thou shouldst know
That the God, who is President of love,
Is but a timourous child, and trembles alwaies:

*Isabella*

I doe confesse, that I am ignorant
In maximes of this nature, and indead
Too innocent to understand them well:
Concerning your aboad, which I have learn'd
With some regrett, for being knowne to me
T'is not lesse secret: I will make appeare
By silence and discretion, that I am
A better Sister to you then you are a
Brother to me.

*Fabritio.*

Oh! Sister, what sweet sentiments have you?
How shall I merit them?

*Isabella.*

I heare some body,
Brother, let us withdraw.

*Fabritio.*

I'le take your counsell; goe forth of this dwelling
To Carlos house, I'le follow you immediatelie.

## SCENA OCTAVA.

*The Duke, Carlos, Isabella, attendance.*

*Carlos.*

YOu see Climene stayes heere, as I said.

*Duke*

*Duke.*

Conduct her? tis ynough, Im satisfi'd,
And will goe forth content.

*Carlos.*

Madame, tis Carlos,
Follow me without feare, speake soft.....

*Isabella*

Tis Carlos,
I'le follow him without constraint. — *aside.*

*Duke.*

Guards, waite upon *Climene* for this night,
My eyes must be deprived of the happines
To see her, my love urgeth me in vaine
To follow her, defer we till to morron
To render her a visit, the good which
I expect thence would be too dearelie bought
If it should cost a trouble to *Climene.*
Depart we, and lets flatter us with hope
That we through perseverance shall o'rcome,
And that there is no heart so hard by charme,
Which those fires in my bosom cannot warme.

## SCENA NONA.

*Climene, Fabritio, The Duke.*

*Climene.*

F*Abritio.*

*Fabritio.*

My *Climene.*

*Duke.*

Heaven! what heare I?
My judgment is confounded heere; *Climene*
Is gone with *Carlos*, yet some secret charme
Which I can't comprehend, houldeth her heere
In conference with the shadow of the dead.

*Climene.*

Everie one is retir'd we are alone,
The *Duke* is also gone out of the garden:
Let's finish the designe we have in hand,
Let's presse it on, and fly we without feare
That Tyrants love, for whom I've so much horrour

*Duke.*

In what a hideous gulfe of black despaire
Am I plunged by this prodegy? ist a truth,
Or ist a dreame?

*Fabritio.*

Haste we, but I'm afrayd
That in the dark we shall not finde the Mine.

*Climene.*

No matter we caan goe out of the garden
Another way, the key of the back dore
Which I have heere about me privately,
Will give us passage forth to *Carlos* house,
Where' gainst the light returnes, I will be readie
T'embrace thy fortune, and to follow thee,
Goe whete thou wilt.

*Fabritio.*

By what expressions. ....

*Climene.*

Tis ynough, make me no reply, but follow,
We lose time.

*Duke.*

There's no doubt of it, tis certaine.
*Fabritio* either dead or living steale
Away *Climene*; ha! I cannot suffer,
This outrage in my sight: come, I'm resolv'd
To lose my selfe, or rescue her; o Heavens!

*The* Duke *running to succour* Climene, *falles into the Mine.*

The End of the fourth Act.

ACTVS

# ACTVS QVINTVS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Carlos, Isabella.*

*In a hall of Carlos house.*

*Carlos.*

WHom see I here? misfortune! oh unluckie
Encounter! but, perhaps, I am deceiv'd,
Is it you, *Isabella*?

*Isabella.*

Strang? what heare I?
Ist possible that *Carlos* should not know me?
Are all my features suddenlie defaced?
No, they remaine yet, onelie I have cause
To thinke that they are raz'd out of thy memorie

*Carlos.*

Oh, Madame, this suspition is unjust,
I will upon this point tell you the truth
With all sinceritie.

*Isabella.*

Pray, what sinceritie
Can one expect from you?

*Carlos.*

Condemne me not
Before you heare me: I had a designe
Which prospered not, my intent was to bring
Another woman here, and I confesse
That I am sorrie now to see you Madame,
In her place, your faire presence is indead
A trouble at this time. But .....

*Isabella.*

It sufficeth,
Ingratefull, thy crime is acknowledged,
And more sincerely then I could have thought.

*Carlos.*

Suffer me to expresse my selfe.

*Isabella.*

It needs not,
What explication can be more cleer?

*Carlos.*

Heare what remaines.

*Isabella.*

No, I will heare no more,
All thy disguisements are superfluous.

*Carlos.*

But know ----

*Isabella.*

What should I know more? hast thou not
Tould me that thy soule's fleeting, thou intende'st
To bring another Woman here, thou wilt
That I believe it, and I doe believe it.

*Carlos.*

I have not. ----

*Isabella.*

True, thou hast not any thing
For me but coldnes, and presumption;
To see me in her place, thou sayst, th'art sorrie,
And with an unjust passion thy salfe spirit
Carried away, goes from inconstancie
To incivilitie.

*Carlos.*

Give me leave to speake.

*Isabella.*

What canst thou say unto me?
That thou acknowledgest the Empire of
A Worthier object, that in vaine thy heart
Hath stood against her charmes, and that to gaine
I have too little beautie? thee

*Carlos.*

Oh deceive not

Your

Your selfe with so much art, and I beseech you
Be lesse unjust to my poore heart that loves you.

*Isabella.*

In losing such a heart as thine, I shall
Lose little, it is faithles, base, and treacherous,
And I pretend not any thing unto it;
Adiew.

*Carlos*

What without hearing me, oh stay,
I doe beseech you, stay.

*Isabella.*

My presence here
Doth trouble you.

*Carlos.*

It is a reall truth.

*Isabella.*

A reall truth,
Ingratefull?

*Carlos.*

You shall not goe forth before
Y'ave heard me, suffer me upon this point
T'expresse my thought.

*Isabella.*

I should againe be troubled
With thy discourse.

*Carlos.*

What I shall say unto you
Can easilie be verified.

*Isabella.*

No, no,
I forbid thee to justifie thy selfe.

*Carlos.*

For the last time yet give me leave to say,
That it is you alone whom I adore,
That I am wholy yours.

*Isabella.*

Well, let me see then,
If I have any power yet in thy soul.

*Carlos*

Madame, commaund, you shall be satisfied.

*Isabella.*

Say nothing more then to excuse thy selfe,
And leave me to depart. this I command,
Obey me in this point.

*Carlos.*

For such a perfect Lover as I am,
It is a crime t'obey too readilie.

*Isabella*

No, no, I have some power upon thy spirit,
Shew thy respect by thy obedience.

*Carlos.*

Love by respect is verie ill expressd,
Who can obey well, knoweth not to love,
This favourable councell, cruell Beautie,
Was given to Carlos.

*Isabella.*

Yes to Carlos faithfull,
But this fatall advise, whereof thou dost
Presume so much, was never given vnto
Carlos inconstant,

*Carlos.*

Madame, what's my crime?

*Isabella.*

Ingratefull, I will tell it thee, tis true
I had for thee something about my heart
That savoured of tendernes and that
I know not what began to differ little

some

From the toy called Love; at last I was
Tainted with that disease, when for my punishment
I knew my love produced but thy hate;
True, thou feel'st it no more, now that thou seest
That I am touch'd; I become trouble some
To him that's deare to me; now that my flame
Appeares, thine is consumed, and beginning
To love, I cease to be belov'd. Belov'd?
what have I said? I learne by the effects, (me
That thou feignest alwaies, and did'st never love
What canst thou answeare to excuse thy selfe.
So just a reproach cannot but confound thee;
Thou striv'st not more to justifie thy selfe.
Thy silence speaks thee guilty and confounded.

*Carlos.*

This trouble which appeareth in my countenance
Proceeds from your injustice, not my crime.

*Isabella.*

What have I said here which thou canst deny?
Defend thy selfe.

*Carlos.*

You have forbidden me
To justifie my selfe, I feare you would be
Offended still with my discourse.

*Isabella.*

No, no
Speak. Carlos, now my anger's vanished;
Although thou shouldst be false, and prove in-
In such a high degree as to betray me, (constant
I might cõplaine thereof, but could not hate thee
And whatsoever change thy heart should make.
I should excuse thee if thou didst desire it.

*Carlos.*

Vpon your faire hands for this sweet expression,
Let me imprint my joy, and my resentment.

*He kisseth her hand.*

## SCENA SECUNDA.

*Alphonso, Isabella, Carlos.*

*Alphonso.*

WHat doe I see?

*Carlos.*

But Madame, your suspitions
Injute my love extremelie.

*Isabella.*

My suspitions
Give Carlos intimation that I love him.

*Alphonso.*

You love him?

*Isabella.*

Heaven! what heare I?

*Carlos.*

O hard Fortune!

*Isabella.*

I must dispose my selfe to dye, he'll kill me ...*aside*
Father.

*Alphonso.*

Vnworthy object of my auger
Iustly provoked, I'm thy enemie,
Call me no more thy Father: how! presum'st thou
T'offend me in so high degree as thus
Against the rules of reason and of honour
To come to Carlos at his house by night,
And in despising the Religious Cloyster
Whereto I've destin'd thee, to give thy selfe
Over to base amours?

*Isabella.*

I doe beseech you,
Heare me, graunt me that favour, will you, Sir
Refuse me?

*Al-*

*Alphonso.*

Yes, everie thing except death.

*Carlos.*

Heare equitie oppressed by my mouth,
If her flame be a crime, I m guilty onelie;
Yes if it be a fault, daigne to remember,
That I am the cause on't, and whom you ought
Onelie to punish, be more just without
Being more gentle, save the innocent.
And destroy the offender.

*Isabella.*

No, against me
Bend all your furie, if it be a crime
To love, it is a vertue to be loved:
The tendernes which I resent for Carlos
Denotes his merit, and setts forth my weaknes:
And if my passion be worthy death,
Carlos is free, and I alone am guilty.

*Alphonso.*

Perfidious, thou shalt dye then.

*Carlos*

Oh, abandon
That thought.

*Alphonso.*

Then Carlos with my honour take
Away my life, that is the onely way
To make her crime safe; nothing but my death
Can stop her punishment.

*Carlos.*

Feare nothing from me,
I have respect for you, and since I could not
Appease your anger, I oppose no further
But rather presse you now that *Isabella*
May perish

*Isabella*

How! doe you presse my destruction?
Oh now's the fatall moment, wherein I

Have

Have just cause to complaine of destinie
My heart is peirc'd with griefe to see you here
With such injustice to become my judge,
And not my complice. I was well resolv'd,
*Carlos*, to dye, and quarrell'd not with fate,
So long as I thought to expire for thee;
But I believed not in this adventure
That Love aswell as Nature would betray me,
And that I should at last goe to the grave
Thus by a Fathers stroak, and Lovers sentence.

*Carlo.*

Madame, I've sayd but what I should have sayd:
Once more I doe repeate it, since your daughter
Must dye, Sir, and I cannot hinder it,
Content your selfe to strike, but pray mistake not
The bosome, heere direct your stroaks, tis heere
That *Isabella's* lodg'd, heere she is Mistresse,
Heere she is criminall, heere you must assault her
To punish her, and in peircing my heart,
You cannot misse her.

*Isabella.*

Oh, believe him not;
Turne your armes here.

*Alphonso aside.*

*Alphonso.*

Readie to shed my blood,
I feel my teares flow, and my choler's cold:
I onelie by a sudden strange effect
Am vanquish'd in the fight, letus feigne yet,
*Carlos*, your cunning for a little time
Retards her Punishment, but satisfy me
Vpon a thing that brought me heere, and wich
Doth trouble me extreemely tell me truelie,
Is my Sonne here, or no; if he be here,
His death is but too certaine.

*Carlos.*

I assure you,

He is not here, Sir.

*Alphonso.*

Since you doe assure me,
I will not doubt it.

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Fabritio, Alphonso, Climene, Carlos, Isabella.*

*Fabritio.*

WE are free at last
From the *Duke's* hands.

*Alphonso.*

O Heaven! ist possible?
*Fabritio* yet present him to mine eyes?
I gave, Sir, too much credit to your words.
... *to Carlos.*

*Carlos.*

He was not here, Sir, when I said them to you.

*Alphonso.*

Thou blinded Sonne, through what ingratitude
Build'st thou thy pleasures upon my disquiet?
What hath made thee despise a Fathers will,
whom thou know'st cherisheth thy life so much
And why in violating all the rights
Of nature, dost thou make so small accompt
Of the light which thou owest me? Ingrateful!

*Fabritio.*

The care, Sir, of my safetie troubleth you
Too much. I doe not hate the light, but love is
Lesse then *Climene.*

*Alphonso.*

I commanded thee
To quit this residence.

*Fabri.*

*Fabritio.*

But I receiv'd
Another order.

*Alphonso.*

How! from whom?

*Fabritio.*

From Love.

*Alphonso.*

Love makes no lawes but for those that will take ('em;
And reason now forbiddeth thee to embrace it

*Fabritio.*

Oh reason, Sir, had left me, and I was
Too much enchained, to depart.

*Alphonso.*

Canst thou
Stay without shame, after an infidelitie?

*Fabritio.*

*Climene* is as constant as she's faire:
My spirit was struck with an injust suspition,
I'm disabused, and she's readie heere
To follow me.

*Alphonso.*

To follow thee?

*Climene.*

Yes Sir,
To follow him. I have engag'd my selfe;
Though his condition be chang'd, I am not.

*Alphonso.*

I alwaies doubted till this very moment.
Whether a woman could love constantly;
But if your love hath any reason with it,
Haste you to goe out of his fatall cantry.

*Fabritio.*

There's nothing that shall stop my stepps to mor- (row
Sir, I sweare to you.

Car-

*Carlos.*

Friend, thou shalt not sweare.

*Fabritio.*

If you believe it not, Idoe assure you;
You are in an extreme errour; who can stay us?

*Carlos.*

Pchaps, It may be I.

*Fabritio.*

You?

*Carlos.*

Yes, I will
Tell you a sad adventure, which should be
Equallie grievous ro us both; *Climene*
Is by a fatall chaunce committed to
My guard, and I'm responsible for *her*.
I've the Dukes ordar for it, and to add
To the misfortune, I thought to have taken
*Climene*; and I took your sister for her.

*Isabella.*

What! this was then the cause which troubled you
So much but now?

*Carlos.*

You *have* but little reason
To doubt of it; but understand my trouble
In *this* extremitie, if *Climene* flyes,
I shall be forc'd to expose *Isabella*
Instead of *her* to *the* Dukes passions:
I love *her*, and tis now no longer time
To disguise my *thoughts* to you. Iudge I pray you;
If in *this* daunger I ought to expose *her*.

*Fabritio.*

How great is our misfortune?

*Alphonso.*

Not so great
As it appeares unto you; to be free
Of all feare, get ye gone all foure togeither.

The

The Duke will be reduced afterward
To be appeas'd.

*Carlos.*

This is a most sure way;
But whence proceeds this noise?

## SCENA QUARTA.

*Celin, Alphonso, Carlos, Fabritio, Climeno, Isabella, Celin to Carlos.*

*Celin.*

Sir, diverse men
Armed with halberds desire speech with you.

*Carlos.*

Tis the Duke and his Guards, sure, their designe
Surpriseth me.

*Alphonso.*

I have lost all my hope.
*Carlos*, assuredly my sonne's discover'd.

*Carlos.*

We will be presently cleer'd on that point.
Without light let *Fabritio* stay heere,
And if he doubts that they are come to seek him,
Behind this false wall he may hide himselfe:

*He shewes them a wall which is turn'd upon a pivot of Iron.*

See, how it turnes; before his death my Father
Bearing the malice of his enemies,
Caused it to be made in secret for him,
And I know that there is no wit so subtle,
That can finde out *Fabritio* in this place.

*Alphonso.*

To save thy life, doe this, Sonne, I conjure thee.

*Climene.*

And I, *Climene* pray thee.

*Fa-*

*Fabritio.*

I obey
As ſonne, and I obey no leſſe as Lover.

*Carlos.*

Let's ceaſe diſcourſe, and goe forth preſently.

*Exeunt all but* Fabritio.

## *Fabritio alone.*

*Fabritio.*

Heaven! muſt I alwaies be diſtracted thus
Twixt feare and hope, and muſt ſo juſt a love
Have ſuch a rigid fortune? the Duke loves,
Or abhorres her, and I know that there's reaſon
To feare all things from him that hopeth nothing;
And that' bove all things it is daungerous
To be competitor with his Prince, and Rivall
Vnto his Maſter. But what! heare I not
Some perſon walke, at if he would come to me?

## SCENA QUINTA.

### *The Duke, Fabritio.*

### *The Duke alone.*

*Duke.*

I've paſſed through a ſtreight way, now I enter
Into a greater, yet am ſtill in doubt.
My hope's confounded, and my ſpirits dark,
Which ſhould light me in theſe obſcurities?
Am I'mongſt morralls? am I in ſome cave?
Am I upon the earth, or in is center?
Murthered *Fabritio* offereth himſelfe
To my remembrance, would Heaven puniſh me
For his unjuſt death? but I heare a noyſe,
Who's there?

*Fabritio.*

*Fabritio.*

*Duke.*

*Duke.*

*Fabritio*!
Appeares his *Fantasme* heere then for my punish-
And am I sunk downe into Hell alive (ment,
To suffer for the evills I've made him suffer?

*Fabritio.*

I heare the Dukes voice, which I know full well.
Is it you then, Sir Duke?

*Duke.*

Th'art not deceiv'd.
I am the authour of thy death, I will not
Say any thing unto thee for to save
My life, thou canst without crime take it frō him
Who hath tane thine from thee, all the feare which
Resteth unto me in this sad misfortune,
Proceedeth from my crime; not from my death;
And if now any griefe oppresseth me,
Tis not to dye, but to dye culpable.

*Fabritio aside.*

*Fabritio.*

He thinks me still dead. I will profit by
This errour. ----- *aside.*
Duke, you have just cause to feare
My furie, your fate now is in my power,
Nothing can stop the course of my revenge;
I can now sacrifice your blood to mine;
But, Sir, you are my Prince. and I le not doe it;
Injustice I abhorre, and notwithstanding
My anger, I would rather suffer it
Then execute it.

*Duke.*

The more thy respect
Appeares for me, the more unjust's thy death
And the more black my crime; by this, my fault
Becomes doubly condemnable, the lesse

Se-

Severe thou art in punishing me, the more
I'm worthy punishment. But if thy shadow
Pretendeth to respect me, what obligeth thee
To persecute me thus in everie place?
How comes it that thou dost conferre upon me
Imperfect favours? why dost thou pursue me?
What ist thou dost desire?

*Fabritio.*

Since you ordaine it
I'le speake it then; know, Sir, that this your trou-
Shall never see an end before you cease, (ble
To love *Climene.*

*Duke.*

Cease to love *Climene?*
Oh! that's too much presumption, I may cease
To live, but not to love her. to obtaine
Thy wishes, thou shouldst ask a possible thing;
But I should have abus'd thee if I had
Flattered thy hope that I would cease to love
That charming Beautie.

*Fabritio.*

To love in this manner
Is to love like a tyrant.

*Duke.*

Well, I know
That I love like a tyrant, but no matter:
Know also that. Love who gives Law to me,
Is yet a blinder tyrant farre then I:
To force me to love this ingratefull Mistresse,
He hath to much strength, and I too much weak-
Onelie the hope that I can give thee is, (nes
Never to see her more, yet still to love her.

*Fabritio.*

He that can lose the object, can lose also
The flame, the heart houlds not what the eye is

De-

Depriv'd of. Love from our will hath his power;
To ceaſe to love, there needs but the deſire:
To put out all your flames, quench all your hope,
And yeild *Climens* to my conſtancie.

*Duke.*

But if I ſhould doe ſo. what's thy deſigne?

*Fabritio.*

To marrie her.

*Duke.*

To marrie her? what! art thou
Not dead then?

*Fabritio.*

What have I ſaid?

*Duke.*

Thou ſhouldſt be
O'th' number of the living for this worke;
Who cherisheth a body, muſt not be
A ſhadow. Speak, and believe that thy death
Hath coſt me teares.

*Fabritio.*

He feigneth for to knowe me,
And to deſtroy me afterward. ---- *aſide.*

*Duke.*

He anſweareth not a word; Lets ſeek about.
But leaſt he ſhould goe forth, tis requiſite
To keepe this porte: to know too where I am,
Tis beſt to make a noyſe; hola! who's there?
Some one come to me.

*Fabritio.*

Heaven! whereto am I
Reduc'd? but let me, ere they bring a light
Advaunce to wards the wall, and hide my ſelfe
Behind it.

*Duke.*

I'le be cleered in this doubt,
Heere comes a light.

SCE-

## SCENA SEXTA.

*The Duke, Carlos, Alphonso, Valerio, Climene, Isabella, Guards.*

*Climene.*

DOe we not see the Duke?

*Duke.*

See I againe my Mistresse?

*Valerio.*

Oh! we sought
Your Highuesse everie where.

*Duke.*

Is this enchantment?
Where am I?

*Carlos.*

In my house.

*Duke.*

But where is he?

*Alphonso.*

Who, Sir?

*Duke.*

Your Sonne.

*Alphonso.*

My Sonne.
Your Highnes is abus'd.

*Duke.*

I've speaken with him;
Vse no deceit towards me.

*Alphonso.*

Those are visions.

*Duke:*

They are truths, but he can't come forth, seek carefully
On everie side.

Al-

Alphonso *speaking to* Carlos.

Oh *Carlos* how I feare!

Carlos *addressing himselfe to* Alphonso.

*Carlos.*

I say, be not afraid.

*Valerio.*

Sir, I've seene nothing.

*Duke.*

Heaven! what new prodegie is this? Iudge all
If I have reason to believe my selfe
Enchanted: I went forth the garden, thinking
To see before mine eyes *Fabritios* Ghost,
When suddenlie I fell into a precipice;
And passing through places which I know not,
Arriv'd heere, where to encrease the horrour
Of my sad soule, his shadow once againe
Appear'd before me, spake long time unto me,
And us'd persuasions to make me cease
To love *Climene*, and to yeild her to him.
This discourse gave me much incertaintie
Of his condition; I doubted if
He was dead; but surprised and amaz'd
By this successe, Ineed no more to doubt it.
Would that it plased Heaven he were alive,
I should be free then of that sad remorse
Which wounds my conscience, I would doe him
justice,
And banishing my fires, would satisfie
My selfe in rendering him happy.

*Alphonso.*

Sir,
It is an easie generosity
To lament, an oppressed enemie
That is no longer to be fear'd, you think
My sonne dead, and on that accompt, bewaile him,
But if he were alive indead, you would
Be lesse humane.

*Duke.*

*Duke.*

I would not break my word.
By Heaven, by faire *Climene*, by all nature,
I sweare to you *Alphonso*, that if now
*Fabritio* yet alive should by a miracle,
Appeare before mine eyes, so farre would I
Be from opposing still his just desires
That I would willinglie resigne unto him.
That Beautie so belou'd and Cherished.

## SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Fabritio, The Duke, Alphonso, Carlos, Climeno, Isabella, Valorio, Guards.*

Fabritio *comming forth from behind the false wall.*

*Fabritio.*

Behould me living then, most generous Prince,
Keep your word and your oath, and make me
*Duke.* (happie.
Is this a *Fantasme?* Heaven!

*Alphonso.*

Shake of your feare.
It is *Fabritio* living, and his death
Is but a feigned thing.

*Fabritio.*

Sir, at your feete
I humbly doe expect the blest effect
Of what you promised.

*Duke.*

I'le keepe my word,
*Climene's* yours.

*Alphonso.*

Sir, favour my poore familie
In everie point, give *Carlos* too in marriage
Vnto my daughter, and approve with me
Their innocent desires,

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

*Car-*

*Carlos.*

I humble crave
That favour from your Highnesse

*Duke.*

I consent to't;
*Carlos*, enioy your wish, although I am
Deceived by your artifice; but losing
My Mistresse, I lose my injustice too:
In not betraying me, you did betray
My glorie, who commands ill, should be ill
Obey'd, unjust designes may justly be
Destroy'd: Come follow me, and whilst your joyes
Are making readie, tell me by what Art
The Amourous *Fantasme* plaid his subtle part.

*The End of the fifth and last Act.*

## EPILOGUE to the Court.

*LEt me Star-gaze a while, and calculate*
*Those Heavens, to know our fortune, or our fate*
*Before I dare to speak; I cannot see*
*One cloud appeare that should discourage me;*
*Tis a good omen: Faire Queen of this night,*
*Not Cynthia, but a Goddesse far more bright,*
*To you I kneel. From him, whose glory is*
*To offer you a pleasing Sacrifice,*
*I meane th' ambitious Poet I am come,*
*Humbly to begg a favourable doome*
*Vpon his Fantasme, who although he be*
*At the full point of his felicity*
*A perfect body now, yet if you frowne*
*Vpon his action, and so cry him downe,*
*No more a feigned Fantasme to be made,*
*He dyes indeed, and flyes into a shade.*

FINIS.